

A
C O L L E C T I O N
O F C U R I O U S
S C O T S P O E M S,

On the following SUBJECTS,

V I Z.

The Brandy Bottle's Complaint.

Answer to the Brandy Bottle's Complaint justifying the Murderers of the Gray-beard.

Peter Many's Obligation to K. James the sixth.

The Mock Marriage of Cantfwals.

Indifferent Robin to coy Meg.

A Letter sent with a quech of Effy's Ale.

The Minister of Newland's bold Mastiff, called Turk.

On the Marriage of an old crazy Divine with a brisk young Virgin.

The Complaint of the Widow and fatherless, on the Death of Mr Purdy, Minister of Newlands.

On Pennycuik's Death.

Advice to a Painter to draw his Mistress's Picture.

Truth's Travels, by Peter Many.

Pan and Pastora, to the Shepherds asleep.

A Spark's persuasive Letter to his mistress.

Pennycuik's Prayer in his Sickness.

A Lady's Character of her Lover.

Panegyric on Drumellear's Scots army.

To which is added the Marriage of Belphegor, a Translation out of Matchiavel.

By ALEXANDER PENNYCUIK.

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(1)

To his Highness,

T H E

PRINCE of ORANGE.

The Humble ADDRESS and Supplication of the Portioners and Inhabitants of the Famous Town of Lintoun, Sub-metropolitan of Tweeddale.

Prologue,

VICTORIOUS SIR, Still Faithful to thy Word,
Who Conquers more, by Kindness, than by Sword.

As thy Ancestors brave, with matchless Vigor,
Made Hogen Mogen make so great a Figure:

So thou that Art, Great-Britain's only Moses,
To guard our Marshal Thistle, with the Roses;

The Discords of the Harp in Tune to bring,

And Crub the Pride of Lillies in the Spring,

*Permit Great Sir, poor Us among the Press,
In humble Terms, to make this blunt Address,
In Lintoun Verse, for as your HIGHNESS knows,
You have good Store of Non-sense else in Prose.*

SIR first of all, that it may Please,
Your *HIGHNESS* to give us an Ease,
Of our Oppressions, more or Less,
Especially that Knave the *C E S S*;
And *Poverty* for *Pity* cries,
To Modesty our dear *E X C Y S E*.
If you'll not trust Us when we say it,
Faith Sir We are not able to pay it,
Which makes Us Sigh when we should Sleep,
And Fast when we should go to Meat:
Yea, scarce can get it for to Borrow,
Yet Drink we must, to flocken Sorrow;
For this our Grief, Sir, makes Us now,
Sleep seldom sound, till We be Fow.
Sir let no needless Forces stand,
To Plague this Poor, but Valiant *LAND*;
And let no Rhetorick procure,
Pensions, but only to the Poor.
That Spend-thrift Courtiers get no Share,
To make the *King's Exchequer* bare.

Then

Then Valient Sir, We beg at large,
 You will free Quarters quite Discharge;
 We live upon the KING's High-Street,
 And scarce a Day we miss some Cheat;
 For Horfe and Foot as they come by,
 Sir, be they Hungry, Cold or Dry,
 They Eat and Drink, and burn our Peits,
 With fiend a farthing in their Breiks;
 Destroy our Hay, and Press our Horfe,
 Whyles break our Heads, and that is worfe.
 Consume baith Men and Horses Meat,
 And make both Wives and Bairns to Greit.
 By what is said Your HIGHNESS may,
 Judge, if two *Stipends* We can Pay;
 And therefore if you wish Us Well,
 You must with all Speed Reconcile,
 Two Jangling Sons of the same Mother,
Elliot and *Hay* with one another;
 Pardon Us Sir, for all your Wit,
 We fear that prove a kittle Putt;
 Which though the wiser sort Condole,
 Our *Lintoun* Wives still blaw the Coal,
 And Women here as well weken,
 Would have Us all *John Thomson's* Men:
 Sir, it was said e're we was Born,
 Who blawes best bears away the Horn:

So he that lives and Preacheth best,
Should winn the Pulpit from the rest.

The next *Petition* that we make,
Is that for brave Earl *Tiviot's Sake*,
Who had great kindness for this place,
You'l move the Duke our Masters Grace,
To put a Clo k upon our Steeple,
To shew the Hours to Country People;
For we that live within this Town,
Our Sight grows Dim by Sun go down.
And charge him Sir, our Street to mend,
And Causey it from End to End,
Pay but the Work-men for their Pains,
And We shall joyntly lead the Stanes:
In Case your H I G H N E S S put him to it,
The Mercat Customs well may do it;
For of himself he is not Rash,
Because he wants the ready Cash:
For if your H I G H N E S S for some Reasons,
Should Honour *Lintoun* with your Presence,
Your Milk white Palfrey would turn Brown,
E're ye rid half out through our Town;
And that would put upon our Name,
A Blot of everlasting Shame,
Who are reputed honest Fellows,
And Stout as ever *WILLIAM WALLCE*.
Last.

Lastly, Great Sir, Discharge Us all,
 To go to Court without a Call;
 Discharge *Laird Isack* and *Hog-yards*,
James Giffart and the *Lintoun Lairds*,
Old William Younger, *Geordie, Purdie*,
James Douglass, *Scroggs* and little *Swordie*;
 And *English Andrew*, who hath Skill,
 To *Knap* at every word so well:
 Let *King-side* stay for the *Tounhead*,
 Till that *Old Peevish Wife* be *Dead*;
 And that they go on no pretence,
 To put this Place to great Expence:
 Nor yet shall *Contribute* a *Share*,
 To any who are going there,
 To stryve to be the greatest *Minion*,
 And plead for this, or that *Opinion*,
 If we have any thing to Spare,
 Poor Widows, they should be our Care,
 The *Fatherless*, the *Blind*, the *Lame*,
 Who *Starve*, yet for to *Beg*, think *Shame*:
 So farewell, Sir, here is no *Treason*:
 But *Wealth* of *Ryme*, and part of *Reason*;
 And for to save some needless *Cost*,
 We send this, our *A D D R E S S* by *Post*.

Epi-

EPILOGUE,

THrice NOBLE ORANGE, *Blessed be the Time,*
Such fair Fruit prospered, in Our Northern Clyme,
Whose sweet and Cordial Juice, affords Us Matter,
And Sauce, to make Our Capons eat the better :
Long may thou Thrive, and still thy Arms Advance,
Till England send, an ORANGE unto France ;
Well Guarded throw proud Neptun's Waves, and then,
What's Sweet to Us, may prove Sour Sauce to them ;
As England doth, So Caledonia Boasts,
She'll Fight with ORANGE for the LORD OF HOSTS ;
And though the Tyrant, hath Unsheath'd his Sword,
Eye Fear him not, he never kept his Word.

Sic Subscribitur

William Younger of Hog-Yards,
 In Name of all the Linton Lairds.

THE

*The T R A G E D Y of the Duke de Al-
va, alias Gray-baird, being the Complaint
of the Brandy-bottle, lost by a Poor Car-
ryer, having fallen from the Handle, and
found again by a Company of the Presby-
try of Peebles near to Kinkaidylaw, as
they returned from Glasgow, immediatly
after they had taken the T E S T.*

IT fell upon the Moneth of November,
A fatal Fall, my Body did Dismember;
Many shall tell the Tale, that never saw,
The Brandy Bottle of *Kinkaidylaw*,
Where Groaning on the Ground, I chanc'd to spy,
Two Men in black, devoutly passing by:
So when my feeble Voice, their Ears could reach,
Poor ancient *Gray-baird*, thus began to Preach,
O Sones of *Levi*! Messengers of GRACE,
Have some regard to my Old Reverend Face,

My

My broken Shoulder, and my wrinkled Brow,
 Pleads fast for Pity, and Supply from You :
 Help, *Godly Sirs*, and if it be your Will,
 Convoy me safely, Home to *Biggar-Mill*,
 Where Wandring to the Widow, I was Lost,
 Alace, I fear ! the Carryer pay the Cost ;
 Poor Soul, if this Mischance should him betyde,
 He has no more in all the World besyde.
 They did not Relish, this Discourse of mine :
 But vow'd the Poor, should be put out of Pine ;
 And brought me Prisoner, to *Kinkaidylaw*,
 Where more of that black Company I saw ;
 Fye Sirs, said I ! You have at *Glasgow* been,
 Swearing *Alledgeance* to your G O D and K I N G :
 So do not Supper-add, so foul a Deed,
 And take Poor *Gray-bairds*, Blood upon your Head.
 This Cruelty, fore should you all Repent ;
 Were he but here, whose Picture I Present ;
 And yet before we part, I'll so prevail,
 The best of you shall strive to kiss my Tail :
 This I was Taught, when *Gray-baird* was a Child,
 That pure *Religion*, and Undefil'd,
 Did cause the *Widows* Heart, to Sing for Joy,
 And fill'd their Bottles, you their Life Destroy ;
 At first they pittied my Cold Lifeless Skin,
 But when they found, a Cordial Heat within,

They

They quickly flock'd about and me furrounded,
 And cruelly into the Heart me Woundgd ;
 They cry'd, *De Alva* never took the TEST,
 Therefore *Rank Papist* go into thy Rest,
 And brag of thy Right Honourable Tomb,
 When thou art buried in a *Testers Womb* :
 Right Blyth they were, and drunk to one another,
 And ay the Word went round, here's to you Brother.
 I love thy Blood so weel, says Master Bo,
 Thy Bones to *Tweed*, shall in PROCESSION go,
 At last, the Hostess of the House comes in,
 Finding the Brethren, in a Merry Pin,
 She tells them, that a Carrier Poor had lost
 That *Brandy-bottle*, whereof they did Boast,
 And for a sure unquestionable Token,
 Look with your Eyes, see where the Hand's broken :
 So Grave and Reverend Sirs, be but so handsome,
 As take a double Gill, for *Gray-beard's* Ransome ;
 At which their *Godly Wisdoms*, were Confounded,
 For they had no *Intention* to Refound it,
 Till one stood up, in Name of all the Rest,
 And Vow'd he bought it, when he took the Test :
 So be he *Rich or Poor*, the Bottle Lost,
Dooms-day shall come, before we pay the Cost :
 This Wife will Lodge none since, be it *Paul*, be it *Peter*,
 If once they Swear the TEST, for Fear they Cheat her.

Ye shall not find a Cluster of such Clouns,
Search all the Squads of Troupers and Dragoons;
Survey the Land, try Rakes that Rant at Cards,
Search Mar, and Lithgow's Regiments of Guards,
Such Spritty Liquor, Cures Us of all Sorrow,
Courage, We'll take another TEST to morrow;
And after all is done, We can Recant,
And Swear to TENDOR, TEST or COVENANT:
While we are here, We'll no Sweet Comfort Shun,
There is no Brandy, in the World to come.

Post mortem nulla Voluptas.

A R E P L Y, To the Scurvy Lines of one Mr. Gool
Minister of Kirkmichal, which he designed in Answer
to the Brandy-bottle; And in Justification of his
Brethren, the Murderers of Gray-beard.

I Nfamous Scribler, Natur's Fool and Shame!
O Senseless Satyre, Beast without a Name,
Thou Scandal to Devotion, Scurvy Priest,
Why made thou Earnest of a Merry Feast?
Base Balladero, had thou no Remorse,
To turn poor Gray-beard's Cause, from Bad to Worse;

I'll make thy *Slandring-Tongue* for ever *Smart*,
 Though it run *Parallel* with Thy false *Heart*;
 And Cudgel thy dry *Carcass* into *Tears*,
 Were it not for the *Sacred-coat* thou *bears*.
 What Mortal can, read *Manners Good* or *Grace*,
 In the dark *Lanthorn*, of thy *Gipsie Face*,
 Thou nasty *Negro*, filthy reesty *Ram*,
 O Skin like that, of a *Westphalia Ham*!
Egyptian Mummy, out of Sight, begone,
 With thy foul *Corps* and *Stinking Skeleton*.
 A *Female Amorous*, that were in *Love*,
 At thy first *view*, would soon *abortive prove*;
 If by Misfortun, she should chance to see,
 So foul a *Compend*, of *Deformity*.
Officious Gool, where were thy *Saucy Brags*,
 When *Gulan* stript the from thy *Lousie Rags*;
 And will Thou *Verify* the general *Evil*,
 Let *Beggars Ryde*, they'l Gallop to the *Devil*:
 Did this look *Gospel like*, *Gool*? Dare Thou say it?
 To drink a *Poor-Man's Brandy*, and not pay it?
 Or was it seemly, for a Man that *Preaches*,
 To Steal away, the *Bottle* in his *Breeches*?
 Look that thy *Absence*, make the not *Dispair*,
 And Hang thy self, because thou mist thy *Share*;
 For sure it was, it put the in a *Rapture*,
 That Thou forgot both *Prayers*, *Grace*, and *Chapter*.

Why doth this Fellow, thus his Folly vent,
 Doth Bo or he, our whole *Church* Represent,
 Though some of you, live far unlike your *Station*,
 Should this injure, your Brethren's *Reputation*?
 Amongst the *Apostles*, was there not a *Cheat*,
 And see we not the *Tares* grow with the *Wheat*?
 Do Hissing *Snakes*, Cloud the fair *Glistring Morn*.:
 And grow not *Naughty* guilds among the *Corn*.
 Now by thy Answer, *Pedant* thou does *Vaunt*,
 That *Spaniards* wear, *Mustachios*, but Beards *Want*.
 Peace, Peace fool *Andrew*, let that *Theme* alone,
 I've seen, five Hundred *Spaniards* to thy one;
 And yet I *Swear*, of all that Sun-burnt *Crew*,
 I saw not *one*, had thy *Prodigious Hew*;
 Turn o're your *Books*, to end this needless *War*;
 And read but *Strada* on the *Belgiok War*,
 Where you will see, *De' Alvas Beard and Face*,
 The *Dutch* drew on, their *Bottles in Disgrace*.
 Clap to thy *Stomack*, this my *Blistring Plaister*,
 And Learn no more, to medle with thy *Master*;

* *A Minister*
 who took Gool's
 Part.

Which if thou do, the next it shall be *Sharper*,
 I fear not thee, far less * *Tam Souter Harper*,
 Whom I could whip, but *Credit* me restrains,
 Because the Fellow is not worth my Pains;
 Now shew thy self, great *Cesar Man* or *nihil*,
 O *Gool* thou Fool! *Mock Preacher at Kirkmichal*.

**ADDRESS To His Majesty KING
GEORGE, Upon His Arrival in Eng-
land, the Day of September
1714.**

THrice GLORIOUS SIR, our Sovereign Lord and King,
Thy Presence doth, *glad News to Britain bring;*
At which Great MONARCH, of our Seas and Isles,
England Triumphs, and Caledonia Smiles;
Ireland for Joy, Her Harp doth string anew,
And all Rejoice; except a *Papish Crew,*
Who dare not stir, to run their former Race,
For fear that *Hydra* meet our *Hercules.*
Welcome then *Mighty Prince,* for to Inherit;
What's yours by *Law,* and much more yours by *Merit.*
Your Valiant Predecessors, did right soon,
Crush Idoll-worship, and the Pride of Rome;
Caus'd all their *Superstitious Rites* begone,
And brought Us out, from *Sinful Babylon,*
Who brag, their *Bloody Church* to be the best,
And bolt the Door of *Heaven* from all the rest.

You

Your Generous *Gremans*, Sir, now *Mourn and Cry*,
 For that sad Day, on which Great ANNE *did Dye*,
 Their *Fainting Hearts*, cannot Revived be,
 Most *Gracious Prince*, since they took leave of Thee :
 No *Land* or *Country* in the whole *Creation*,
 Have more of *Cander*, then your *Noble-Nation*,
 Who blest be GOD, hath given Us such a *King*,
 As makes all *Europe*, with His *Praises Ring* :
 Nor is the *Steuarts* Blood extinct in thee,
 But *Circles* in thy *Vains*, both *Frank* and *free*.
 The *Thames*, the *Rhyne*, the *Wesell* and the *Forth*,
 With all the *Currents* from the *South* to *North*,
 Now sweetly *Glide*, in *Concord* all agree,
 To pay the *Tribute* due, Great *King* to thee.
Lewis le grand, doth now *Peace Offerings* bring,
 No more *French Poets* him *Immortal Sing* :
 We fear no *Threatnings*, from the *Gallick Shore*,
Dunkirk and *Mardyde*, now must be no more.
 Get *Calvin*, but with *Luther* Reconcil'd,
 And Faith *Great Sir*, ye fairly winn the *Field* ;
 And if you'll add, more *Lustre* to your *Glory*,
 For GOD's sake, reconcile, The *Whig* and *Tories*.
Illustrious Sir, if you perform this *Thing*,
 Call it the *Master Peace* of *Georges Reign* ;
 The *Devil* of *Mammon* causeth all *Dissention*,
 And *Court Preferments*, kindlerh much *Contention*.

Preserve the good, throw by the Naughty Seed,
 And then by *George*, the *Dragons* kill'd indeed.
 Then *Generous Sir*, give Us furth your *Opinion*,
 Where lyes our Profit by the late made *Union*,
 Since all our *Gelt* goes up to *London Town*,
 And ne'er a Farthing, we see coming down.
 Now if in kindness, Sir, you will but *daigne*,
 To visit *SCOTLAND* with your *Noble Train*:
 It cannot be exprest by *Humane Arts*,
 What Joy it would, impart to *Scotish Hearts*,
 But if for Reasons, that cannot be done,
 Send Us Dread Sir, the *Prince* your *Royal Son*;
 And then with him, We beg you will Restore,
 Our *Privy-Council*, as we had before;
 Made up of Faithful, Wise and Honest Men,
 Who will our *Laws*, and *Properties* mantain.
 Restrain *Great Sir*, *Appeals*, which throng so fast,
 Keep them in *Bounds* or else we cannot last.
 Lessen our *Taxes*, lest they do Create,
Hardship and *Grudge*, especially the *Malt*.
 Then, cause the *English*, give Us full *Content*,
 Of what We want, of the *Equivalent*.
 Next for our *Fishing*, We thy *Aid Implore*,
 To bring Us *Wealth*, where We had none before.
 More might be said, but read our Old *Address*,
 From *Lintoun*, which is new come from the *Pres.*

Which

Which if you listen to, upon the granting,
 Our Faithful *Service*, Sir, shall ne'r be wanting !
 Though *Warlyke William*, Sir, we must *confess*,
 Had not the Time to mind our first *Address*,
 Yet we expect some kinder Looks from you,
 Brave *Generous GEORGE*, our Valient *PRINCE Adieu*.

Peter Many's *Obligation* given in to King
JAMES the 6th. from an *Manu-*
script.

THOU *Gratious King*, baith true and kind,
 To *Poor* and *Rich* of *Ik* Degree,
 To every Vertue well inclin'd,
 But chiefly given to *Charity*.
 By this *Complaint*, which here you see,
 Your *Majesty* may Understand,
 My *Wifes* come *Post* with *Poverty*,
 And newly lighted in this Land,
 She Flytes so fast, since she came hither,
 That I would wish her Dead or Dumb,

Yet

Yet if we had some Gear together,
 I would not care for that a Crum.
 Ilk Nobleman has Height us some,
 To help us to our Household Gear,
 That is the Cause which gars me come,
 To get your happy Handfel here.
 I grant I had your Help before,
 Which did me good in great *Distress*,
 But now O King, I would have more,
 Because I have great *Business*.
 What milters me for to expers,
 My present *Poverty* or *Wrack*,
 Even Sir, gar give us more or less,
 Some *Portion* to begin our *Pack*.
 Your *Highness* is right welcome here,
 To all your honest S C O T S Ye ken,
 But to my self you are most Dear,
 And reckoned amongst your Men.
 For I have serv'd you now and then,
 With hearty *Prayers Even* and *Morrow*,
 Now if your *Highness* likes to Lend,
 I would have *Siller* for to Borrow.
 As for the Sum it shall be certain,
 To be well payed, though I be poor,
 When *London* louns o're to *Dumbartoun*.
 And *Caithness* comes to *Killemure*.

When *Holland* is without a *Whore*,
 And not a *Papist* into *Spain*,
 That Day but doubt, I make you sure,
 Your *Siller* shall be pay'd again.
 When *Hounds* and *Hares* do well agree,
 When *Taylors* in their Trade grow *Leel*,
 When *Lowmond Hills* loup in the *Sea*,
 And *Limmers* love the *Common Well*.
 When *Pearls* are spun, with *Rock* and *Reel*,
 And *Tradesmen* Travel for no *Gain*,
 And *Lordships* Sauld, but *Writ* or *Seal*,
 Your *Siller* shall be pay'd again.

*Peter Many was
 the Authors name*

When *Lothian* lives but *Malt* or *Meal*,
 When *Peter's* Wife begins to mend,
 When *Websters* have no will to *Steal*,
 And *Wretches* have good will to Spend,
 When *Foxes* fear for to offend,
 A *Goose*, a *Lamb*, or yet a *Hen*,
 Then either give you come or send,
 Your *Siller* shall be pay'd again.
 When *French* and *Spaniards* well Agree,
 When *English* write the Truth of *Scots*,
 When *Paris* does to *Madrid* flee,
 And *Amsterdam* to *Dublin* Trots.
 When *Diamon Rings* are sold for *Groats*,
 The *Ethiopian* no more black,

And

And Armys Fight but *Sword* and *Shots*,
Expect your *Money* to a Plack.

Your HIGHNESS may perceive indeed,
What Help I would have at your hands,
Ye ken that it is meikle need,
That gars me bind me to such Bands.

Would ye have *Penaulties* or *Paunds* ?

Your worthy *Will* shall be obey'd,
Take fair *St. Giles* just as it stands,
For *Surety* till your Sum be pay'd.

Will ye not that *Securety*.

I cannot help you worth a *Pin*,
Except ye send down to *Dundee*,
Within the bounds where I have been,

And take in *Pledge* my *Morter Stane*,
I made it first when I was *Marry'd*,

Sir it will take a *Cart* it laen,
But all the laive is easy carry'd.

For in good footh I am as bair,

As I have been these many Years,

The World is now become so fair,

There's nothing had for Fools nor Friars.

And yet the Brouster Wives ay speirs,

If I have Siller for to send them,

That gars me fyle my Face with Tears,

Could be their *Cast*, that e'er I kend them,

*A P A N E G Y R I C K upon the Royal
Army in SCOTLAND, and parti-
cularly upon the Troops of Tweeddale and
Forrest, Gentlemen conveened by Royal
Authority, May 1685, under Command
of the Laird of Drumellear, to Suppress
what was then called Rebellion.*

THE Merry Month of *May*, was in her Pride,
And *Loyalty* seem'd SCOTLANDS Lovely Bride,
When Bold *Argyle*, that Lofty little Man,
Through *Neptun's* Regions, with Arm'd Squadrons came;
Swift Tyranny to stop, and with intent,
Usurping Powers, and *Popery* to prevent:
This he did judge his Duty, not his Cryme,
Yet was it call'd high *Treason* at the Time.
Fye cry'd the *Courtiers*, when did we see ever,
Religion and *Rebellion* lodge together;
And does *Argyle* with that despised Crew,
Think with himself, all SCOTLAND to *Subdue*,

The

The Royal *Trumpets* found, the *Drums* do beat,
 And Troops march through the Country soon and late,
 The Gentry rise in *Arms*, in splended manner,
 And thrust in throngs to brave *Bellona's* Banner,
 Crying Mount, March, Charge, and spure up your Avers,
 And fight like *Scotsmen*, under Valiant *Clavers*,
Dumbarton brave, commands our standing Forces,
 That stout and gallant Train of Foot and Horses,
 Assist me, *Muse*, their Worth for to rehearse,
 Not in Course trivial *Ryme*, but lofty *Verse*.
 Which I can never do, should I begin,
 While *Lachesis* has any *Tearn* to spin.
 All of then proof 'gainst desperat Alarms,
 Train'd up by old *Dalyel* in feats of Arms;
 That daring Veteran blade, yet meek when he,
 Is in cold Blood, and from all Passion free.
 Survey this little Army, and you shall,
 Judge every Officer a General;
 And scarce a private Souldier you shall see,
 But else where, might a great Commander be.
 What equal Number in the World could Rout,
 The *Douglass* Royal Regiment of Foot;
 And those Commanded by the Earl of *Mar*,
 Are Sons of *Mars*, swift Thunderbolts of War;
 As for our Martial Troopers, and *Dragoons*,
 Their *Brav'ry's* well approved by cracked Crowns;

And

And for our Lusty hectoring *Granadeers*,
 The Devil he dare not fight them for his Ears.
Drmmellear chosen was for heart and hand,
 The Loyal *Tweeddale* blades for to Command,
 As is his due, we rank him first in place,
 For his rare Charms of Body Mind and Face.
 Young *Stenhop* our Lieutenant, bravely can,
 Approve himself a stout and Prudent Man,
Whitsleid our Cornet looks like much Discretion,
 And Values as his Life his Reputation.
 Our *Quarter-Master* has a Gentle-mein,
 He's diligent and to his Pith he's keen.
 What shall I say of our three Brigadeers,
 But that they are incapable of Fears,
 Of Strength prodigious, and of Looks so froward,
 That every Glour they give would fright a Coward.
 To view but *Hairbop's* great Red Roman Nose,
 Would flee a *Rebell's* Heart, into his Hose.
 Strong are his Bones: His Looks they are so big,
 That every Word he speaks would kill a *Whig*.

* *He Rid upon a* Kind *Calins* with his Cutlugs, * next appears
Cutlugged Horse The second of our Warlike Brigadeers.

His Armslike *Samson's*, and with every Leg,
 That might a Rammer be to great *Munsmeg*,
 Where can we find a Squire so Strong and Massie,
 As our old veteran Soger Captain *Cassie*.

Who

Who dare break through, whole Troops without Remorse,
 Like *Fire* and *Sword*, wer't not his *Pissing Horse* :
 No Cure nor Comfort, want we in it's kind,
 To give Content, to Body or to Mind ;
 For Doctor *Penecuick* is our *Physician*,
 And *Kickmilirie* Fidler's our *Musitian* :
 The Doctors *Courage*, none I think dare doubt,
 'Tis known he Sheds more *Blood* than all the Troop.
 Snee *Spittlehaugh*, ne'er wants his Baudy Jest,
 And *Cringilty*, looks just like *Back* and *Breast*.
Powmood fires brisk, but his Misfortun's so,
 He hurts our *Friend*, and ah he shoots too low !
Cardronno, and the Commissar are well Hearted,
 And like true Friends, and Brethren seldom parted.
 With this design, betyde them Life or Slaughter,
 To Match *Cardronno's* Son, with *Robin's* Daughter.
Cairmuir kept still his Bed, he was so wise,
 Till either *Dirt* or *Hunger* made him rise.
 When careful * Captain *Blyth* Commands y Watch
 None with more Courage, Mettal or Dispatch,
 Cryes stand, whose there? For I'm a Man of War,
 So tell me whence you come, and what you are,
 Or by my Parchment Scrolls, and Bonds I swear,
 I'll post this Bullet through thy Body clear.
 He was a Souldier, regular and Sober,
 And so continued till the *Camp* was over.

*David!
 Plen-
 derleithi.

For

For full two Moneths and more, yet was so wise,
 His Speech was never laid, but once or twice.
William Russel Young *Kingsseat*, was a Tory Trooper then,
now Minister Now *Stobo Stipend* makes him *Whig* again.
of Stobo. So frequently we see from *Cloak* to *Gown*,
Prelat and *Presbyter* turn upside down.
 Our Brethren of the *Forrest*, these brave Boyes,
 Copartners of our *Dangers* and our *Joyes*;
 There's some I swear, of that brave generous Band,
 Deserves a whole Battalion to Command:
 Courageous *Sintoun*, in his Front he bears,
 That neither Man nor Womens Flesh he fears.
 And *Gilminscleugh* for Strength may bear the Crown,
 Who wrestled with a Horse, and threw him down;
 And yet to tell the Truth, and never wrong them,
 There's some Bold Rambling *Shechemites* among them:
 Who now and then, dare to Transgress their *Orders*,
 And run the Round alongst the *English* Borders.
 Searching from Hill to Hole, Phanatick *Lasses*,
 And press Production of Prohibit *Passes*.
 We neither want our *Fighters* nor our *Flyters*,
Wrights, *Merchants*, *Dryvers*, *Commissars*, nor *Writers*,
Surgeons, nor *Farriers*, *Gardiners* *Smiths* nor *Cooks*,
 Few *Bibles* Ah! but store of Baudy Books;
Rochester's Poems Spitlehaugh did Read
 With more Delight, then e're he did his *Creed*.

We had a *Taylor* to or two among Us,
 To cause a Plague of *Fleas* and *Lice* upon Us;
 We had indeed a Lazie Life and Idle,
 Which made *Drumellear* read so much the Bible.
 Many one Vow'd it did consist with Reason,
 That *Haystoun* should be Punished for *Treason*;
 Who at the Hour of Midnight to our Cott,
 Raised a *Fray* into the Royal Host;
 And Loudly Echoed, thus through all our Bounds,
 Fye Sirs, to *Horse* and *Armes*, The Trumpet Sounds:
 Some starting from their Sleep, were sore Afrighted,
 Others had both their Sense and Eyes Benighted:
 Some *Mureland* Men they say were scumming Kirns,
 And some were toasting Bannocks at the Birns;
 Some on the Grass lay muffled in their Cloaks,
 And some were tooming their Tobacco Box.
 Some Curs'd, some Fidge'd for Fear, and some did worse,
 Others for hast mounted their Neighbour's Horse.
 Some in their Boots, were Slumbring, some their Hose,
 For none were troubled to put on their Cloaths:
 Some raise in hast from Stools, and some from Chairs,
 Not one of ten were raised from their Prayers:
 This Man with that, in great Confusion meets,
 For no Man tarry'd to spread up his Sheets;
 And so amaz'd, with doubting Fear and Care,
 Unto the Captains *Standard* all Repair,

D

Where

Where not a Horse was there, but could he spoke,
 He would have Cursed *Hayston* for this Mock :
 Some did alledge his little *Brain* was cracked,
 Some call'd him *Hypocondriak*, some *Distracted*
 Others that were a little more Discreet
 Call'd it a wandering Fancy through his Sleep :
 The Doctor thought the Reason of these *Bees*,
 Were *Vapors* of *Sour-milk* and *Mustie-cheese*,
 Which then into our *Camp* were Soveraig Fare,
 All better *Entertainment* being so rare.
 But now twice Twenty Days had quite expir'd,
 When some had Hectick Purfes some were Tyr'd,
 Some feard *Argyle* might Rob them of their Lives,
 And some thought wonderous long to kiss their *VVives* :
 Our Noble Captain to prevent these Fears,
 And Crub the Insolence of Mutineers,
 Drawes up his Troop of *Heroes* in a Plain,
 And thus he speaks his Mind in Martial Strain ;
Souldiers and *Gentlemen*, this I must tell you,
 Before *Argyle* and his *Fanaticks* fell you,
 Stand to your *Standard*, keep your *Reputation*,
 And mind the Honour of your *Shire* and *Nation*,
 We fight for no Fantastical *Perswasion*,
 We *Arm* against Unnatural *Invasion* ;
 We fight the *Bloody Authors* of our *Evils*,
 Who speak like *Saints*, but counter act like *Devils* :

So if you *Flie*, I'll mark you to your Cost,
 Shameful *Deserters* of the Royal *Host* ;
 Which our Renoun'd *Ancestors* with good Reason,
 By Law have ever Punished as *Treason*.
 Then *Kaillie* clawes his Shoulders, *Swears* and *Damns*,
 Must I not clip my *Sheep* and spane my *Lambs*,
 I'll turn my Tail on *Friday* without faillie,
 In spite of all the Troop or Devil take *Kaillie* ;
 And yet for all this *Heat*, and *firie farie*,
 Good honest *Kaillie* to the last did tary.
 When Frank miss *John* came first into the *Camp*,
 With his Fierce *Flaming Sword*, none was so *Ramp*,
 He look'd like *Mars*, and vow'd that he would stand ;
 So long's there was a *Rebel* in the Land.
 He *Rym'd*, he *Sung*, he *Jocund* was and *Frolick*,
 Till *Enoch Park*, gave master *John* the *Collick*.
 And so of all the Troop there was not one,
 That turn'd his Tail so soon as Frank Miss *John*.
 He was *Tent-Reader* of our *Service-Book*,
 And *Poet* too with help of *Penecnick* :
 He was our *Writer*, *Advocat* and *Clerk*,
 Till *Etrick Fear*, and that of *Enoch Park*,
 Quite turn'd his *Tune* with the Poor *English-Frier*,
 To Ryme *De Planctu cudo* in the *Rear*.
 Now let us all with *Concord Pray* and *Sing*,
 G O D's Name be prais'd, LORD bless and save our King.
 D 2 PERTHS

PERTHS PENITENTIALS, *or* the Chancellor of Scotland's Farewel.

Farewel my dearest *Sovereigne*, for thy sake,
 I run down headlong to the *Stygian-Lake*,
 For both with Soul and Body in my Station,
 I serv'd thee, even to *Super-erogation*.
 Oh *Horror!* have I donethat dreadful thing,
Apostatiz'd from G O D, to please my *King*:
 All Joys, dread Sir, I leave and los for you,
Means, Friends, sweet Freedom, and Salvation too.
Charon have o're, thy *Berge* shall Ferry me,
 Where I shall never more *Elefium* see.
Melfort Embark, my thrice Unhappy-Brother,
Levi must Row, and *Simeon* steer the *Ruther*.
 O *Jesuits!* you Enemies to *Jesus*,
 Try now if your *Black policy* can save us.
 You that have brought to Ruin all you can,
 A Glorious *Monarch* and a gallant Man.
 Our ancient *King* Renoun'd for *Power and Strength*,
 By your Soul Murdering Conduct brought this length,
 O let me never more your Order see.
 For where they are, sure their the Devil must be.

THE

The CITY and COUNTRY Mouse
A Translation out of Horace.

A *Country Mouse* upon a Winters Day,
 Met with a *City Mouse*, Right smooth and Gay,
 And being old Friends, the *Country Mouse* would have,
 The other to his Homely Fare and Cave.
 The first he was a sober saving Beast,
 Yet on occasions could bestow a Feast.
 What need we more, he gave him wealth of Pease,
 Scrapes of *Fat Bacon*, *Barley*, *Oats*, and *Cheese*;
 Hoping by these to please the Gorgeous Taste,
 Of this his Proud and Liquorice Lipped Guest,
 While he amongst the Chaff himself doth stretch,
 And does on *Darnel* feed, or smallest Vetch,
 The richer Grain he to his Friend resign'd,
 Since for to please him he bent all his Mind;
 At length the *City Mouse* thus told his Friend,
 In this Dull Life what Pleasure can you find.
 Will you to Men, and Citys bid adieu,
 And *Woods* and *Caves* thus fillily pursue.

Short

Short is our Life, no Relish can we have,
 Of Worldly Comforts when laid in our Grave.
 Then do not slip the Tide: These Words did rouse,
 From his low *Cell* the homly *Country Mouse*,
 Who in a Hast gets up, and quickly rose,
 Up from the Bed, and with the other goes;
 The Moon was shining, bright, when first they spy'd,
 The Neighbouring *City* and its Walls descry'd.
 When straight the *City* led the *Country Mouse*,
 Unto a Wealthy Citizens fair House.
 Where *Silken-Curtains* deckt the *Ivory Bed*,
 Finely embost, and Rich with *Gold* enlay'd,
 Baskets well fill'd with Meat were to be seen,
 For there had lately a brave Supper been.
 The *City-Mouse* then place'd his *Country-Guest*,
 On a Rich *Purple-Twilt* to grace his *Feast*,
 And with great Care presents a dainty Bitt,
 To the *Field-Mouse*, but first did taste of it.
 The Guest thus glutt'd with delicious *Fare*,
 Puts on a Cheerful and oblidging Air,
 Did bless the *Stars* which made him change his *Lot*,
 For now his former Meanness he forgot,
 When suddenly the Doors with Shreeking Noise,
 Alarm'd our Guests, and made them quickly rise,
 Each run a several way, how Pale they grew,
 When throw the *Hall* the horred Noise it flew,

Of

Of wide-mouth'd Hounds, which quickly fill'd the Air,
And cast our *Mise* into a deep Despair.

Then said the *Country-Mouse*, my Friend farewel,

This Life of yours doth frighten me like *Hell* :

Welcome *Sobriety* my chief Delight,

With *Woods* and *Groves* where dwells Eternal Night.

*The Expostulation of a fair Lady, with her
Gallant, he being till that Time igno-
rant of her Love.*

A Song to the old Tune of bony *Dundee*.

Amorella.

I That was once a Day Courted by many,

A'm now most Scornfully slighted by thee,

Others some Reason had, thou ne'er hadst any,

Rancountring my *Disdain*, thus for to flee.

Slave to *Affection*, and thy sweet *Complection*,

Too much I've been, but no more I'll be,

O rash *Election*, that walks at *Direction*,

Of a weak *Feminine Amorous Eye*!

Celan.

Celander. Fair *Maid* thy Modesty has been too Rigid,
 For to make such Mistakes 'twixt me and thee,
 Although by *Nature* our Sex be oblig'd,
 To the first *Onset* when *Objects* we see;
 Yet thy Superlative *Virtue*, *Birth*, *Beauty*,
 Did in such a manner surpass my *Degree*,
 That with a sad Heart I thought it my *Duty*,
 Far from such fruitless Presumptions to flee.

Amorella. Did not my *Countenance* plead me a *Lover*,
 When *Fortune* blest me with thy *Company*,
 Did not my *Blushes* a *Passion* discover,
 Ev'n in thy *Absence* when mentioning thee.
 Have not I been to my *Modesty* *Traitor*,
 What greater Symptoms of *Love* can their be?
 Be no more then an insensible *Creature*,
 But fairly venture and welcome to me.

Celander. Through *Airy Regions* to flee I dare venture,
Cupid will lend me *Wings* to follow thee,
 Or with some *Pilgrim* I'll round the *Earth's* Center,
 Yea with *Leander* I'll hazard the Sea.
 Silent *Loves* Scorching Flames long I've endured,
 What greater *Torments* then these can their be,
 All these I'll suffer, and more when assured;
 Dearest Soul that my *Love's* welcome to thee.

Amo.

Amorella. Celanders, Blest be the Time when I saw thee,
 Angling so Pleasantly by the Brook side,
 There Wanton *Cupid* with *Silk-Cords* did draw me,
 To wish *Amorella* once Slept by thy side :
 Too long Alace ! my Love I concealed,
 Modesty shut up my Fires in my Breast,
 Now they burst out and must be Revealed,
Celanders my Comfort, my Joy, and my Feast.



The Mock Marriage of Cantswals. James Forsyth
 Gardiner, having got Meggie Stothart with Bairn
 in Linton-Parish, they make an Appointment to Mar-
 rie at Newland-Kirk, and the Neighbouring Gentry
 being Conveened, the Bride in the Church, Dinner all
 in readiness, they are Interrupted by the Minister of
 Lintoun, Mr. Hay.

FY E Mr. William, fye for shame,
 Eternally thou'lt bear the Blame,
 I'm sure thy Looks more love Discovers,
 Then thus to part two longing Lovers,

For

For *Maggie* came right Brisk and Blyth,
 To join her *Gear* with *James Forsyth*,
 Two Limbs she had without Compare,
 But what they bore was far more fair;
 A comely Body and a Face,
 Would make a *Domina* stick the *Grace*.
 The *Gard'ner* like an Active blade,
 Lent her a Tryal of his Spade;
 Which made these Couple sweetly 'gree,
 That *James* should Labour *Meggies* Lee;
 He fell to Work like a brisk fellow,
 And soon made *Meggies* Garden Mellow:
 Dear *James* quoth she, the Flesh is frail,
 I ken you now both Tap and T--l:
 So if you love me do not tarry,
 But hasten to the Kirk and Marry.
 The Day's but short, the Pleasure sweet,
 Let's say the Grace and fall to Meat;
 This Sinful course must be forsaken,
 For many a graceless Mail we've taken,
 So Dearest, least fresh warm Temptation,
 Make us relaps in Fornication,
 Invite your Friends, put all in Order,
 Get * *Peter's Pass* then cross my Border.
 But ah! the very Hour designed,
 That Lovely Pair were counter-mined.

* Mr. Patrick
 Purdy Minister
 of Newlands.

The

The Meat was Dress'd, nothing neglected,
 Blaw wrang the Piper was expected:
 All things were ordered as was fitting,
 The Bride into the Kirk was sitting,
 The Neighbour Gentry were well met,
 And at a covered Table set,
 When suddenly there raise a Pray.
 By Marthe Marriage, Mr. Hay,
 Who did oppose this Match with Vigor,
 Beyond all Presbyterian Rigor;
 Fye Brother says he you'l be blam'd,
 To Marry Folk not thrice Proclaim'd;
 And it does not become your Station,
 To meddle with my Congregation:
 My Hand dear Bride e're ye do that,
 Must be at your Testificat.
 Sweet Sir, quoth she, You'l break my Heart,
 If thus kind James and I should part;
 And Ah! for Sorrow, Shame and Lack,
 To come from Church unmarried back:
 Yet faith this Night if I have Life,
 I'l fare as well as your Young Wife;
 And call to mind if this must be,
 Who Us deny'd the Remedy,
 I'l ask an Instrument upon it,
 So James take Leave and lift your Bonnet.

This clos'd our Trift, all was Milcarried,
And *Bonnie Maggies* still Unmarried.



*Corinnæ concubitus, out of Ovid done by
the Author at the Age of 18.*

MId-day it was when foggy Clouds withdrew,
And left the Sun to drink the Scorched Dew;
To ease my self on softest Downs I lay,
Leaving to temper the too Scorching Day,
The Windows one half shut; which gave a Light,
Like Woods, where Boughs conspire with constant Night:
Such is the Light when *Titan* yeelds his Reins,
Or just before *Aurora* gilds the Plains;
This is the Light, which coy Maids desire,
To hid their blushing cheeks and secret fire.
Lo comes *Corinna* in a night Gown drest,
Her dangling tresses hid her Ivory Breast:

* *Sense-* Th' * *Assyrian* Queen when *Hymen* join'd her hand,
ramis Did not so charming half, nor Beauteous stand;

† a famous cour-
tezan at Corinth
whose price was
an 100 Drachams
for a Nights En-
joyment.

Nor wanton † *Lais* who had every Art
To gain and keep a Youthful Lovers Heart,
I keenly pull'd her to me, which mean while
She strugling seems to shun, but with a Smile,
She gives her self the Lye, I Victor prove,
O'er her who sily to be Vanquished strove.

When

When from her Wast, her looser Garments flew,
 And lay'd her open to my *Amorous* view.
 Me thought each part had more then thousand Charms,
 I saw such squared Shoulders, twin like Arms.
 Her Breasts Lov's Bellows put my Thoughts on fire,
 And with their Heavings plung'd me in desire,
 So smooth a Belly rising from her Breast,
 Such *Alabaster* Thighs, such slender Wast.
 But why each part? Nothing was wanting there,
 That cou'd be wish'd for to compleat the Fair;
 What followed then, may easily be guest,
 When both being tyr'd we gave our selves to Rest.
 Wou'd Heav'n this Bless on me rain down on Store,
 I'd for new Gifts importune it no more.

E P I T A P H *Upon Sir George Lockhart of Carn-*
wath, President of the Session, who was basely Mur-
dered by Cheisly of Dalray, at the sitting down of the
Convention Anno 1689.

SO Falls our *Glory* with one Fatal Blow,
 Gone is that Head which did us Justice show.
 That Tongue from which such well Tun'd words did come,
 And Charm'd us all, is now for ever Dumb.

Which

Which with such evennets, *Justice* did Dispence,
 As Universal Judge of *Wit* and *Sense*,
 His Pointed *Wit*, did in Us Hopes create,
 To see our *Church* heal'd and our *Tottring State* :
 This *Stroak* doth make them vanish into Air,
 Leaves Us behind to Languish in Dispair.
 So when a Boistrous Wave doth Overwhelm,
 The Skilful Pilot that should guid the Helm,
 And yet the Inraged Ocean still doth Roar,
 The *Passangers* must doubt to reach the Shore.
 Oh *Heavens*! By such a horrid *Murder* must,
 So brave a Man's be mixt with common *Dast*.
 Monster, what *Tyger* would thy length have gone?
Ravilak, Clement, Gerard are out done.
 Fatal it seems in Pleading to Excel,
 Just so *Romes* Pride and Glory Tully fell.

IN L A T I N.

*Abstulit una dies ævi decus, ictaque Luctu,
 Conticuit nostræ subito facundia Lingua,
 Namque fuit vindex Patriæ, legumque togæque,
 Unica sollicitis semper tutela salusque,
 Cumque hujus genio Scotia indigeret amico,
 Publica vox sævis Æternum obmutuit Armis.*

J. W. *The Ingenious Translator of*
L' Ecoſſe Francois, &c.

DEAR Friend I cannot Praise thee as I ought.

For all my Words are ſwallowed up in Thought,

Thy Maſſie Thoughts a juſt proportion keep,

Thy Words flow eaſie, and thy Senſe runs deep,

To the great Author mighty Thanks is due.

Pages to come when they this Work do view,

Will Celebrate his Praise, and the Tranſlators to

This Work doth *Caledonias* Fame revive,

She doth by theſe immortal Pages live.

TO



*To his Mistriss, who he was Jealous had
Slighted him.*

M A D A M,

I'Ve seen, but Ah ! these happy Hours are fled,
When you was Charm'd, with every thing I said,
Prais'd my Perfections to a high Degree,
Vow'd you lov'd only one, and that was me,
Ah Lovely *Nymph* ! can you so Faithless prove,
To Slight the *Swain* you did so dearly Love..
Yes, yes, 'tis true and I am in Dispair,
And must I die a *Martyre* to the Fair,
Let all who love their Peace, of your Sex have Care,
For every Smyle and every look's a Snare..

To

To his Mistriss Translated,

MY *Lesbia*, let us *Love*, and let's despise,
 The Idle Whimfies of the *Grave* and *Wife*,
 That Sun which Sets to Night, the morrow Morn,
 Shall full as Glorious and as bright return;
 But we, if *Death* once snatch us from the Light,
 Are left for ever in *Eternal Night*.
 My Dearest *Lesbia* let us then improve,
 Our little Time and give it all to *Love*;
 Give me then, *Charming Soul*, whom I adore,
 A Thousand Kisses, give a Thousand more.
 Nay give another Thousand and Compleat
 My Joys: Now give another Thousand yet.
 Give yet as many as you gave before,
 Now give my Dear till we can count no more.
 That these who do envy my Happiness,
 May never know, how great, how vast it is.
 And all their little *Malice* still may be,
 Short of the mighty Joy I find in thee.

Indifferent Robin to Coy Meg his Mistriss.

THough for a while I sorrow for thy fake,
 Yet shall I dye? No, that's the Devil a straik.
 Once but refuse to ease me of my Pain,
 Cald be thy cast if e'er I come again.

COPY of a Letter from Mr. W. C. Advocate to D. P. the Author, May 1714.

M^O S T noble Doctor, glory of our Time,
 Parnassus Prince Protector of our Ryme,
 Receive this Compliment from honest Will,
 Who's just return'd from our kind Cowies Mill,
 With Troops of Gipsies who molest our Plains,
 Raze Spitlehaugh most charming of our Swains.
 But now all's Calm, Serene as you may think,
 Since Will's turn'd Poet with Lady Effies Drink.

The

The ANSWER.

BR A V E Generous *Will*, I cannot well Rehearse,
 How Pleas'd I was to Read your lofty *Verse*,
 So Eloquent, that every Line did smell.
 Of *Tully* and the *Helliconian* Well.
 But while both *Wit* and *Fancy* you shew forth,
 The Praise you give me fare exceeds my Worth:
 Oh ! how unequal is the Match indeed,
 Betwixt your Young, and my Old *Hoary-head*.
 Your Blood is Warm, your Fancies on the Stage,
 This is your Spring, but Winter of my Age.
 My *Muse* cools like my Blood, and still grows Worse.
 Your's Tours aloft, like the *Pegasean* Horse.
 Kind and Stout *Patriots* you are I vow,
 With your brave Club to catch the *Gipsie* Crew,
 Your Names should be engraven on *Marble* Stones,
 For clearing *Tweddale* of these *Vagabonds*.
 Had *Cowie* not been known, I do protest.
 Kind *Jonas* had been Captive with the rest.
 And sent to Prison, if we should allow,
 All to be Rogues that have the *Gipsie* Hew.
 Yet if I live, expect a better Tale.
 When we met blyth at Lady *Effes* Ale.

Statius the Heathen.

*Nulla des Effigies, nullo cummissa metallo,
forma dei mentes habitare et Pectora gaudet.*

Thus Translated,

G O D hath no Shape ; no Art nor Instrument,
G O D's Image can in Mettle Represent,
In Good Mens Minds and Hearts alone doth he,
Delight to Dwell, and there Engraven be.

*Auxilium Medicina negat : Natura dolori,
Cedit, et amisso robore Victa jacet,
Non me Philliridæ profunt, non Phasidos herba,
Solvere ; nec Coi provida cura senis,
Non mihi Circeum carmen, non Pæonis Artes,
Non Pariet Delos, nec Epidaurus opem, &c.*

Thus Tan slated.

P HYSICK denyes me Help, *Nature* must yeild,
Strength now Succumbs and *Weakness* wins the Field.
Hippocrates I do Consult in vain,
Nor can *Apollo* ease me of my Pain.

Me-

Medeas Herbs and Art are here unsure,
 And *Circes* Charms cannot perform my Cure,
Pæon's Prescriptions fail in this my Grief,
 And *Æsculapius* can give me, no Relief.

A P A R A P H R A S E *upon the se-* *venth Chapter of Solomon's Proverbs.*

Verse 1st. **M**Y Son preserve my Laws ; keep still in mind.
 Thy Fathers Dictats, so thou Life shall find

V. 2. Let every Word and all my Laws to thee,
 Be precious, as the Aple of thine Eye.

V. 3. Make them thy dayly Work and hourly Care,
 And get them all by Heart and fix them there,
 Count Wisdom as thy Bless and all thy Joy,
 Wisdom whose sweet Possession cannot cloy,
 Call her thy Sister, and call Understanding,
 Thy Dearest Friend, to get a happy Landing,
 These if thou keep with due respect and Care,
 They'l free thee from the flattering Lips and Snare,
 Of the strange *Woman* who spreads down with Art,
 Her net to catch thy weak ill guarded Heart.

V. 6th. I through the Casement of my Window saw,
 Amongst the Croud a simple Youth and raw,

Both

Both void of Knowledge, and as void of Care,
 Rambling the Streets to seek the sinful Snare;
 At length the *Harlot* and the House he spies,
 Lying in wait for her beloved Prize,
 The Sun was down, the Night was taking place,
 A proper Time to hid her Painted Face;
 And black designe, far blacker then the Night,
 For vertue loves, but Vice still hates the Light.
 Her Dress was wanton, made for to train in,
 The silly Coxcombs to the fatal Gin:
 Her Tongue loud as a Bell, her wandring Feet,
 Do still Traverse and beat the Peaved Street.
 With Shamless Face and Impudence enough,
 She claught and kiss'd the fool unwary Youth,
 And subtilly says, pray Sir enter in,
 For my rich Bed is nobly deckt within,
 To feast our Loves and I have lately pay'd,
 My Vowes to *Heaven* and am noway's dismay'd,
 I've made Peace Offerings for my guilt and Sin,
 I came to meet thee, so my Dear come in.
 Since we have pay'd to *Heaven* all that is due,
 Must we not pay a Debt to Pleasure too.
 The Night is silent and all things Combine,
 To give Delight and make thee only mine.
 My Bed (but when your there) I'll call it thine
 With *Egypt's* Stuff most Splendidly doth Shine.

With

With Gilded Work and Carved it's embost,
 With *Tyrian Purple*, brought from thence with Cost.
 It's strew'd with Pleasures, nothing left undone,
 Perfum'd with *Aloes*, *Mirr*, and *Cinnamon*:
 So let us take our fill of *Love* my Dear,
 For we're alone, and have no Dread or Fear,
 My Husband hath a far off Journey made,
 With Baggs of Money, drives a wealthy Trade.
 Silver and Credit he hath both in Store,
 He is not to return to be me before.
 The Time prefixt, O then let's quickly take,
 The blest occasion which we have at Stake:
 With Sugred Words and fair Deluding Tongue,
 She thus did Charm, and to her Lure him winn.
 Just like an Ox, who to the Slaughters led,
 Which for long Time is strongly Stall'd and Fed.
 Or like a Fool that to the Stocks is sent,
 To learn more Wisdom thence, and to Repent,
 The fatal Dart doth pass his Liver through,
 Yet the poor Youth his Danger doth not view:
 But like a Bird intangled in the Net,
 Doth not perceive that for his Life it's Set,
 Therefore young Wantons I beseech you all,
 To shun the *Harlots* House and Lustful Call.
 Decline her Paths abhor her Whorish-Bed,
 Which doth to *Hell* and Desolation lead.

Many

Many a *Sprightly* Youth of genteel Mein,
 By wanton *Women* Ruin'd have I seen;
 And many a Strong and gallant Man at Arms,
 Have been bewitched by their too powerful Charms.
 O fly! that sinful House where she doth dwell,
 For it's the very Avenue to Hell,
 It Leads into the Path of endless Wrath,
 And to the Chambers of eternal Death.



INSCRIPTION *to be put at the*
Foot of Jonas Hamilton of Coldcoats
Picture drawn by-----

PAINTER thou hast now, with good Grace,
 Drawn me *Coldcoats* Martial Face,
 And Manly Looks; which do discover,
 Some thing likeways of the Lover,
 His *Roman* Nose and swarthy Hew,
 To all do testify and shew.
 To none alive that he will yeild,
 In *Venus* Camp or *Mars* his Field,
 For *Worster* Fight, and *Nanny Fell*,
 His Valient Deeds and Feats can Tell,

No

NO leis for *Bachus* shall his Name,
 Stand in the Register of Fame.
 Save *Coldcoat*, none *Dalhousie* knew,
 Who *Jonas* could at Drink Subdue.
 Brave *Nicolson* who's in his Grave,
 Did from him many a Parley crave.
Drummond who's yet alive can tell,
 How from them all he bore the Bell.
 No *Epitaph* we need on Stone,
 To mind this *Hero* when he's gone.
 His Name and Fame shall surely stand,
 While Session Books there's in the Land.

A LETTER to Alexander Baillie of
Calens who had borrowed a Shearing
Hay Spade from the Author, but still de-
 layed to return the same.

*C*alens I send you Ryme, send me Reason,
 Why you keep up my *Spade* so long a Season?
 What say you for your self Man? Fye for shame.
 Should not a Lend come always Laughing Home.
 I sent my Boy, I did so little doubt it,
 And yet the sillie Goose came back without it.

G

And

Sir, to our Skaith it's kend, a shorter Time
 Might with great Ease shorn both your Hay and Mine.
 What was it *Cahns* that made you so Croufs,
 Was you then Præses at the Noble House,
 When you with old *Nathaniel* and *Halmire*,
 Were keeping *Comittees* at *Sandies* Fire.
 It sets you well to labour in your Station,
 To raise up Souldiers for a *Reformation*.
 We ken the School that ye were trained in,
 An Arch *Malignant*, so are all your Kin.
 Now send me back my Spade or I'm a Knave,
 If that same Spade help not to Dig your Grave.



ELEGY upon the supposed Death of
 Jonas Hamiltoun of Coudcoat, at the
 desire of a Person of Quality.

KYND *Cowie* our Delight, our only one,
 The best of Commarads, is Dead and gone.
 Fye on the *Lachesis* that had not spun,
 His Threed of Life for Centuries to come.

The

The Rich, the Poor, the Young, the Old, and all,
 That e'er knew *Cowie*, do Lament his fall.
 His Converse so to every Man Endear'd him,
 And *Women* for his Natural parts Admir'd him.
 He was Conspicuous for a comely Grace,
 A Royal Nose on a Moletto Face.
 Though in his Youth as Fame most loudly speaks,
 Both *Lancaster* and *York* shin'd in his Cheeks,
 Pure Red and white, but that the Sun of new,
 Dy'd Bonny *Jonas* of the *Gipsie* Hew.
 His Hair at Twenty were like Threeds of Gold,
 At Thirty black, like Snow when he grew old.
 Valiant he was, at *Worcester* Fight and Town,
 Where with much Bravery he threw severals down,
 Who were not Slain, but pleased with his Pranks,
 Rose up again, and gave kind *Cowie* thanks.
 O Nature reconcil him, if you can
 A *Debauchee* and yet a Sober Man.
 Riches he scorn'd, yet knew not what was want,
 A Baudy Sinner, yet a Harmelefs Saint.
 Drink, Swear, and Kifs he could, yea Pious be,
 And Proteus like Suit will all Company.
 His Doughty Deeds, no Tongue can better tell,
 Then *Thomson*, *Braidfoot* and sweet *Nanny Fell*.
 Who to her Praises this is not the least,
 That *Cringilty* once suck her wanton Breast.

No less for *Bachus*, shall kind *Colcoats* name,
 Be Mustered in the Registers of Fame.
 For all that brag'd him still the Battle lost,
 Ask *Hawthorn* and strong *Dalhousie's* Ghost.
 But all these rare Endowments and his Worth,
 The *Session-Book* of *Newlands* can set forth.

Where he was Ruling-Elder and with Vigor
 Trac'd all the Steps of *Presbyterian* Rigor. *
 * viz. The Stool of Repentance. Heaven hath him now, which he expected never
 And to his *Patrons* bids Adieu for ever.



*On the Minister of Newland's bold Mastiff,
 called Turk, whom his Master in Passi-
 on slew with one stroak of his Foot.*

HOUL and Lament, ye *Newland* Tykes and Currs,
 Ye who for Lesser Matters make great Sturrs,
 Bark with a Hideous Noise and direful Moan,
 For *Tories* Turk, your Captain's dead and gone
 The Trusty *Punler* of the *Newland* Pease,
 Lyes Breathless, Ah, and none knew his Disease
 His Awful Looks the Traveller did Afright,
 The *Vagabond* by Day, the *Theif* by Night.

With

With Vigilance and Care he kept the Store,
 And seldom wandred from his Masters Door,
 No Beggar, yea no Laird durst make their Entry,
 Without Leave asked of this Valiant Centry,
 Hells Porter Cerberus, though Fierce and Cruel,
 Durst never face this Hero at a Duell.
 Now he is past both Phisick, Oyl and Plaister,
 And Murdered lyes by his too Cruel Master,
 Who yet may vow and sweat to his last Breath,
 He had no hand in his kind Mastiffs Death.



*Upon the Marriage of an old Crazie Presby-
 terian Divine with a brisk Young Virgin.
 Epithalamium,*

YOU mighty Monarchs, hencefurth cease to brag,
 Hath not old *Hamiltoun* his Abishag,
 Great *Alexander* that bright spark at Arm's,
 Was longer proof of fair *Statira's* Charms,
 And is it not a Scandal justly counted,
 To see old Cuff upon Young *Helen* mounted.
Helen is Brisk and Lovely, as she's Chast,
 Yet *Amorous* Thoughts may Rob her of some Rest.

Though

Though this Bridgroom be call'd a Man of Sense,
 Will that give *Helen* due Benevolence.
 Though he's esteem'd both *Learned*, *Rich*, and *Good*,
 Will this Conjure the *Devil* of *Flesh* and *Blood*.
 Oh! No: For now such *Miracles* are ceas'd,
 Our *Church* believes against the *Popish Priest*.
 What *Monstrous Weather* will that *Season* render,
 When *Florid May* is matcht with *Cold December*.
 From such a *Wedlock*, Lord deliver me,
 If this be *Presbyterian Parity*.

*Inscription at Paisley upon the Tombston of
 Hamiltoun, Earl of Abercorn Lord Paisley.*

SCOTLANDS Honour, Englands Wonder,
 Irelands Terror, here lyes under.

EPITAPH upon the Tomb-stone of Old Mr.
 Robert Eliot Minister of Lintoun at the desire of
 Young Mr. Robert his Son and Successor, Anno 1682.

STAY Passenger, Weep and retire,
 Thy Fatal Hour Approacheth near;
 Let *Eliot's Cold Stone Monument*,
 Teach Poor Frail Mortals to Repent.

Power

Powerful he was, in Terms right Ample,
To Preach by Precept and Example,
No Man he Judged but himself,
And scorn'd that Cutthroat *Worldly Pelf*.
His Praise in one Line to insert,
G O D's Book he had by Tongue and Heart,
His Head was Learn'd, his Face was Gracious,
His Heart was Honest, his Soul's now precious.

To which was Subjoyned.

*Illa tibi fient Monumenta perennia, quæ tu,
Tradideras populo Pharmaca Sana tuo.*

*The Complaint of the Widow and Father-
less, upon the Death of Old Mr. Patrick
Purdie 54 Years Minister of the Church
of Newlands.*

Farewel all Joy, ye Mournful Souls come near,
And view what Doleful Spectacle is here.
Ah! Aged Father *Purdie* now lyes Dead,
The Poors plight Anchor in their Time of Need.

Four

56

Fourscore and four Years must these Hands destroy,
That caus'd the Widows Heart to Sing for Joy,
G O D hath that Soul Translated now to *Heaven*,
And all his Peccadilios here forgiven,
Who to his Dying Day did never tire,
To Feed and Lodge a *Lazarus* at his Fire,
A Man Ingenuous far beyond the Fashion,
Wholly Compos'd of *Pity* and *Compassion*:
Afflicted *Newlands* Mourn for his Decease,
Who still Liv'd with thee, in perpetual Peace,
Gratis he Taught, which all Men much Admire,
His Parish Poor, full four and Fourty Year.
Grammar to some, others to *Write* and *Read*,
And warded many a blow from *Priscians* Head,
Let all this be Ingraven upon his Hearse,
Who Living was most Liberal of his Verse,
So Friends farewell give every one his due,
Write it who will, this *Epitaph* is true.

The E P I T A P H of Arthur Hamilton, *King Charles the*
firsts Master Wright, Composed by Mr. John Adamson Pri-
mar of the Colledge of Edinbutgh, At the desire of William
Wallace, Master Mason, Cutter of the Stone.

H E R E lyes Interr'd under this Stone,
Good Honest Arthur Hamilton,

A Man in his Life both *Just* and *Upright*,
 For Skill in his *Craft* the Kings Master Wright.
William Wallace the Kings Master Mason,
 Hew'd out this *Sto*ze in a goodly Fashion ;
Arthurs Heart was so kind, I'm sure if he wist,
 He would Wish to be Living, to make *William* a Kist.

It is to be observed that there was a Mutual Engagement betwixt these two Gossips at a Glass of Wine, that the Survivor should give to him that should first Die, a cast of his Craft.

*Upon the Death of Alexander Pennecuik of Newhal
 sometime Chirurgion to General Bannier in the Swe-
 dish Wars, and since Chirurgion General to the Auxili-
 ary Scots Army in England.*

C O M E try your *Talents*, Mourn and bear a part,
 Ye *Candidats* of Lear'nd *Machaons* Art.

For Death at length, hath shuffled from the Stage,
 The Oldest *Æsculapius* of our Age.

A *Scotsman* true, a faithful Friend and sure,
 Who flattered not the *Rich*, nor Scourg'd the *Poor*.

H

Where

Where shall we go for Help? Whom shall we Trust,
 Our Scots *Apollo's* humbled in the Dust.
 Many Poor Souls will Miss him in their Need,
 To whom his Hands gave Health, yea Cloaths and Bread.
 Thrice Thirty Years doth now these Hands Destroy,
 That Cur'd our *Maladies*, and caus'd our Joy,
 Five Mighty Kings from his Birth to his Grave,
 The *Caledonian Scepter* Swayed have.
 Four Times his Eyes hath seen from *Cloak* to *Gown*,
Prelat and *Presbyter* turn upside down.
 He lov'd his Native Country as himself,
 And ever scorn'd the Greed of *Worldly-Pelf*.
 From old *Forbeirs* much worth he did inherit,
 A Gentleman by Birth, and more by Merit.
 Nothing is here exprest but what is true,
 Farewel Old *Pennecuick*, Reader Adieu.



The Authors A N S W E R to his Brother J. Ps. many
Letters, Disswading him from staying longer in the Country,
And inviteing him to come and settle his Residence in
Edinburgh.

S O M E say I have both Genius and Time,
 To make Friends Merry with my Country Ryme,
 And

And raise the Strain of my Coy Modest Muse,
 From Course Spun Stookings and plain Dirty Shoes,
 And hear the Birds these sweet Companions Sing,
 To welcome home the Verdure of the Spring.
 While Herbalizing shady Groves and Mountains.
 I Quench my Thirst by Cristal Streams and Fountains.
 There Joyfully I sit me down and smell,
 The Floury Feilds, and Heliconian Well.
 I am no *Nimrod* to make it my Care,
 To see a Gray-Hound Slay a silly Hare.
 Tho I can follow that, when I have Leasure,
 For Exercise I swear more then for Pleasure.
 The Noble Horse that saves us oft from Death,
 I think bad Sport to run him out of Breath.
 When ther's no need it was not spoke in Jest,
 Merciful Men shew Mercy to their Beast.
 I love the Net, I please the Fishing Hook,
 In *Angling* by the pretty Murmuring Brook.

To Curle on the Ice, does greatly please,
 Being a Manly *Scotish* Exercise;
 It Clears the Brains, stirs up the Native Heat,
 And gives a gallant Appetite for Meat.
 In Winter now and then I Plant a Tree,
 Remarking what the Annual Growth may be;
 Order my Hedges, and Repair my Ditches,
 Which gives Delight, although not sudden Riches:

So when of these sweet Solitudes I tyre,
 We have our Tryfts and Meetings in the Shire,
 Where some few Hours the tedious Time to pass,
 We sit and quaf a Merry Moderat Glafs.
 Visits we interchange with one another,
 In *Bonacord* like Sister and like Brother;
 Which makes our Harmless Meetings, still to be,
 A Bond and Cement of Society;
 And then in to my Garden, Book, or Study,
 Far from the Court my Friend, far from the Woody,
 While ye enjoy false Pleasures in their Pryme,
 Both Gorgeusdyet, and Brisk Clairet Wine,
 Fine Cloaths, Rich Furniture and Gainful Places,
 Coaches and Chairs to hide your Crimson Faces:
 Bewitching Musick, Conforts and Clareens,
 Of Trumpets, Hoboyes, Flutes and Violins,
 Variety of Converse, News from far,
 Of *Denmark*, *Pole*, and the *Hungarian* War,
 And yet for all that Splendid show you be,
 But Paranympths of Vice and Luxury,
 For though you Scratch and scrape together Wealth,
 Ye seldom brook long Life or perfect Health;
 The Air you breath in to your Lungs affoords,
 Nothing but Smoke and Fumes of Filth and T---s;
 Which frequently your Crazie Corps consumes,
 Either with sudden Death or tedious rheums.

Here

Here one is Choakt with Night Mares in his Dreams,
 There's one of the Sciatica Complains.
 This dies of Iliack Passion or the Collick,
 That Drinks himself quite Dead by way of Frolick,
 And yet my Friend, the Counsel you give me,
 Is that my Dwelling in *Old Reekie* be;

• Near unto *Libberton* or *Fosters-Wynd*,
Old Romanno The old man may live Cosie there you find,
 I will not be so graceless *James* or bold,
 To Stifle, him with Smoak, though he be old.
 Nor will I to Repair my former Losses,
 Consent he break his Limbs in your stay Clothes.
 But near to *Stirling Yards* or *Heriots Work*,
 Where he may freely Breath and let his F---t
 There must he Quartered be G O D's Praise to Sing,
 For his Refreshful Breathings in the Spring.
 And when Stern Fate that Breath shall Countermand,
 The greedy *Gray-frier* we have neer at hand,
 And for to put you Lawyers in a Fright,
 Near this the Gallows stands that humbling Sight.
 Ye call your selves the Court of *Conscience*,
 And to the Fatherless a sure Defence,
 Court without Conscience we may rather call you,
 Repent for fear the Plague of that befall you.
 Devouring Widow's Houses, Orphant Slayers,
 Though faith I think ye do not use long Prayers,

Should

Should I say t'were, it to much Honours you,
 To spoil my Pen on so despis'd a Crew.
 So if you think this Cuff be out of Season,
 Pray *James* return me either Ryme or Reason.
 Or if ye judge your self severely knocked;
 Remember Friend, that I was first Provoked..

POSTSCRIPT.

THAT some Phisitians err and Dissagree,
Tea Kill their Patients Faith ye do not lie.
 If Doctors should bring all their Patients through,
Ungrateful Fools; what should become of you.

*Upon the Death of his worthy Friend and
 Neighbour Alexander Baillic Elder of
 Calins.*

FA R E W E L Old *Calins*, Kannie all thy Life,
 By Birth, by Issue, and a Vertuous Wife.
 By Gifts of Mind and Fortune from above,
 The Fruits of *Ceres* and the Country's Love.

Just,

Just, Kind and Honest, to thy Fatal Breath,
 Prudent thy Life and Patient was thy Death,
 Thou left this World with Pleasure more then Pain,
 Alace the Loss was ours, but thine the Gain,
 With true Remorse for thy fraill Youthful Errors,
 Which made the Fearless Face the King of Terrors.
 This Tomb of Paper Praife which I erect,
 May shew thy Worth, and my unfeigned Respect:
 But these fresh Thriving Branches sprung from thee,
 Will live thy lasting Monument to be,
 To whom I recommend my Mournful Verse,
 To be with Funeral Tears, strew'd on thy Hearse.



A Translation out of Guarinis, Paster Fido

O Mirtillo Anima mia, &c.

O Mirtil, best of Sheedherps, if thine Eye,
 Could peirce my Breast, and secret Thoughts Descry
 The Heart you Fancy, there of Flint to find,
 Alas! is of the Softest easiest kind:
 No more you would complain of Fruitless Love,
 For mine I'm sure, would more your Pity move:
 In both our Breasts an equal Flame doth burn,
 Yet our unhappy Loves we both must Mourn:

By Nature led, if on the Sin we run,
 And it's a Vertue the Dear Charm to shun.
 O too Imperfect Nature that gainstands,
 That Frets and Champs the Bit of Laws Commands !
 O too too Rigorous Law that does Controul,
 The Secret inbred Motions of the Soul !
 The Savage kind rang'd in the Forrest round,
 Are by no Charter but of Nature bound ;
 The generous Courser with his dappled Mifs,
 Do fear no Dull constraint to stop their Blifs,
 All we can claim their Priviledge is above,
 To know no other Rules of Love but Love.
 But why this idle Reasoning, since it's clear,
 She Loves but little, who to Die does fear :
 Mirtil, Dear Soul, how could I yeeld my Breath,
 For Love of thee, Alas I fear not Death !
 Honour, thou greatest of all Deietys,
 To whom each well Born Soul must Sacrifice,
 My Stock of Love I on thy Altar lay,
 And freely all thy Holy Laws Obey,
 Pardon dear Sheephherd, if no gentle Beam,
 I grant of Favour, but all Icy seem ;
 It's but in Looks and Words, it's only Art,
 To cover the great Feeble of my Heart :
 But if Revenge you wish to ease your Mind,
 In your own Greit a Subject you may find ;

(65)
For if thour't mine by such resistless Flame,
As scarce the Pow'rs that made can quench the same,
Your Greif is mine, your Groans the briny Flood,
Of Tears you shed, is of my choicest Blood,
Of Sighs that rend your Breast the Pains I feel,
More Vive then these caus'd by the keenest Steel.



A Translation out of the same Author,
Care selve beate.

Welcome dear happy Groves, that make me glad,
And you still Horrors of a lovely Shade:
Soft Peace and quiet here in Triumph Reign,
And banish Care with all it's Anxious Train:
Oh! had the Gods allow'd me for my share,
To live thus Calmly how I list, and where,
Your gentle Shades such satisfaction yeelds,
I would not change them for *Elysian-Fields*,
Tho Crowds of *Demi-Gods* shou'd there Repair,
And hanging Gardens shou'd adorn the Air.
For what poor Mortals we do Riches call,
If rightly understood are none at all,

I

He

He who Inherits most, has of them least,
 And is not Possessour but is posselt,
 To kep them safe how are we rack'd with Care,
 Which to our native Freedom is a Snare :
 What doth't avail to be call'd great and good,
 In mortal Veins to lock Cælestial Blood :
 To have rich Feilds of Cattle plenteous Store,
 T' excell in Beauty, and abound in Ore :
 If yet for all the Mind Contentment lack,
 And troubled Thoughts our softest Slumbers break.
 Happy the Sheepherdess secur'd from Harms,
 Adorn'd with Natures unaffected Charms,
 Who for her Cloathing hath some homely Stuff,
 Which for her Body is made Just enough :
 Rich in her self, no pinching want doth know,
 Nor wild distraction which from Riches grow,
 But full Contentment doth find in that State,
 In which her Choice doth plant her, or her Fate.

Poor but content,

Who for her *Mirror* takes the Neighbouring Brook,
 Which Baths her Limbs, and serves therein to look,
 Honey and Milk do season her Delight,
 With Milk she doth preserve her Native White :

No

No dreadful Comet, nor no Blazing Star,
 No loud Alarms of Approaching War,
 Molest her Quiet, or disturb her Mind,
 Which in it self doth full Contentment find.
 Her Sheild and Fortrefs is, that she is Poor,
 Yet rich enough, because she craves no more.

Poor but Content,

Her only Care, (but that's a sweet one too)
 That whil'st some honest Swain doth Court and woe,
 And by her keeps and feeds his Masters Sheep,
 Doth on her gaze mean, while he them doth keep,
 Who for her Sighs and Dies, but not in vain,
 For she returns his Glances back again :
 It's such a Shepherd, whom no Gods above,
 Nor Cruel Men have destin'd her to Love.
 But such as her own choice hath made her like,
 And for his sake all others can dislike.
 Who in her Breast no spark of Love doth feel,
 But to the Shepherd dares the same reveal,

Poor but Content.

This is true Life, Oh ! were it but my Fate,
 To Live and Die in such a Peaceful State.

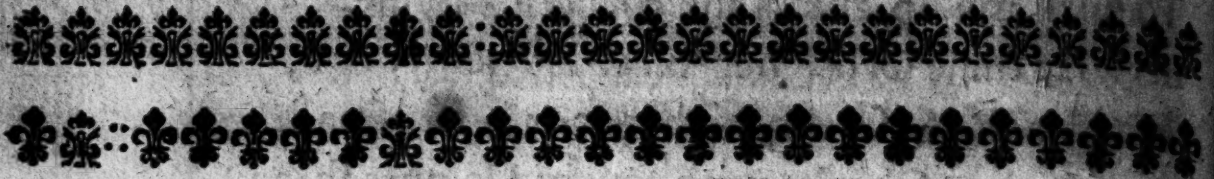


An Advice to a Painter to draw my Mistress her Picture.

PAINTER come here, and draw me to my mind,
 The Noblest, Fairest, of the Female kind:
 First I wou'd have her Hair, a Chesnut bright,
 In various Tresses pleasing to the Sight:
 For her Complexion let it not be Fair,
 But something of the Black and Brunet Shair.
Leda was Black, for whom *Jove* from above,
 In shape of Swan, came down to feast his Love.
 Her Fore-head gently rising smooth and even,
 The Mirror of perfection here is seen;
 Her Eye-brows small, draw with such subtile Art,
 That scarce the like your Pencil can impart.
 Next draw these Orbs, so full of Life, so clear,
 Heaven's brightest Lights with hers but dull appear:
 These Eyes of hers, which first my Ruin wrought,
 Fettered my Sense, and Chained all my Thought.

The

The pointed Rays of which do so combine,
 To burn me up, they'l me to Dust calcine.
 Betwixt these Orbs, her Nose let gently fall,
 Which neither swells too big, nor is too small.
 Next let her Cheeks with lovely Colours shine,
 The Rose doth there with Lillys white Combine.
 Then draw her Ruby Lips, which opened show,
 Of Oriental Pearl the brightest row,
 The Chin, which bounds the Orb of that fair Face,
 Draw of a just proportion and true Grace :
 Her Alabaster Neck so round so even,
 Where through the Skin the Azur Veins are seen ;
 These well shap'd Shoulders, and these pretty Balls,
 Where Love sits sporting as they rise and fall.
 Her round plump Arms, her long and milk white hand,
 Such Charms of Body no Heart can withstand.
 Let Drapery round her Waist and middle go,
 In pleasant form, which Variously doth flow.
 Thy Task is done, her Cloaths the rest conceal,
 Happy, thrice Happy he to whom she'll that reveal.
 But should I give the Picture of her Mind,
 Where could I Words or fit Expressions find.



On a GLUTTON.

A Glutton, who had at one Maill,
 Eat a Sturgeon to the Head,
 With Surfet did grow very pale,
 And looked like a Man that's dead.
 Then many a Clyster, many a Pill,
 Did this Glutton's Belly fill,
 But nought wou'd do, his Friends in end,
 Told him no Physick could him mend,
 For that his fatal hour was come,
 And this they gave to him for Doom:
 Well Sirs said he, since that must be,
 I fully am resolv'd to Dye:
 But e'er I am of Life bereft,
 Bring here the Sturgeons Head I left.

Two Ingenious Gentlemen, Travelling betwixt Monimusk and Fettercairn, fell out of the Road and went a Stray a great part of the Night, at length they fell upon Drum Irwing's House, where they found much Kindness, and all things Commendable, save a great Quech, which they were made to Drink out of. To amend which, one of the Gentlemen, after Departure, sent a lesser one with these Lines.

BRave Sir, of late, it was my Lote to stray,
 Alongst a Defart and Thorny Way,
 Where steepy Rocks against the Heavens did swell,
 And dreadful Gulphs much like the Abyss of Hell.
 Did promise nothing in our Toilsome Path,
 But wandring Error and affrighting Death.
 O ! here like *Ixion* wrestling with his Cloud,
 O'er charg'd with Fear, and Grief amaz'd we stood,
 And like Distracted Pilgrims from their way,
 We knew not where to go, nor what to say :

Till

Till Heavens in Pity of our said Distress,
 T'allay the Anguish of our bitterness,
 Convey'd us to thy Home and made us try,
 Thy gracious strains of Hospitality.
 O then what found we? or what found we not?
 That Majesty and Vertue would allot,
 For though without thy Harbour seem'd but homely,
 Yet all within was Handsome, Neat and Comely,
 Thy Pavments were Clean, Thy Fires were Clear,
 And for a Preface to some better Chear,
 Thou made each Corner of thy House to look,
 Like *Vulgan's* Furnace clean'd with Indian Smock;
 As for our Table I dare say this much,

That brave *Lucullus* in his Richest touch,
 * *Cleopatra*, Pompey's *Apollo* or * *Ptolemy* his girle,
 Who fed the Consul with Elixar Pearle,
 Could never say in their umpampered strain,
 Their Dyet was more sweet more Sovereign.
 Nor were our Cups inferior in their Rank,
 For lo the Joicethat Decks *Corinthus* Bank,
 Ran there in such a Rapid Course and strain,
 That hoary *Nilus* in his proudest Theam,
 Fair *Ganges*, that beholds the Sun new born,
 And *Isther* that laughs *Danub's* Streams to Scorn,
 The *Po*, the *Rhon*, the *Rhein*, the *Thames*, the *Forth*,
 And all the Currents from the South to North,

Might

Might hing their Heads and be asham'd to see,
 So rich a Cluster prest and drunk in thee;
 Yet least thy Nectar and Ambrosia should,
 Complain as if their Current were controul'd,
 O what a Confort and bewitching Air,
 Of well composed Dorick Mirth was there,
 For there came *Cupid* blind of both his Eyes,
 Sole Mareshal of our Festivities,
 Who taking in his hand the Amphisian Harp,
 With Touches somewhat Flat and somewhat sharp,
 Tun'd all his Crotchets, Quivers, Semibrieves,
 His Longs, his Large, his Rounds his Squares by Brieves,
 In such a fort that sure I am the Quire,
 Of Nymphs which in *Appolo's* School appear,
 Could ne'er so sweetly tune the Descant String,
 Amongst their Harps delicious fingering.
 And whilst he thus doth Captivate our Sense,
 With well tun'd Notes of *Diapason* tense.
 Then *Mercury* and *Mars* these roaring Boyes,
 Not Drunk with Wine, but over drunk with Joys,
 Rose up and on their tiptoes danc't a Dance,
 That all the Light-foot Satyres within *France*,
 Could ne'er for all their Documents of Art,
 Have played the like in whole or yet in part.
 And while nothing defective was, that might
 Advance Contentment, or procure Delight,

*Tuskne a blind
 Musician.*

*His two
 Sons.*

Thy Gracious Lady made our Feast compleat,
 By courteous Welcome, did us kindly Treat,
 But O Brave Sir ! Amidst this Sport and Play,
 That look't like *Janus* Face, on New-years-day.
 I saw a fretting Moth, a pricking Thorn,
 Which curb'd the Glory of the glistering Morn,
 For that thou made us drink a larger Cup,
 Than Giddy *Bacchus* when he went to Sup,
 Amidst his drunken Orgeis could contain,
 Uncrack't his Belly or uncraz'd his Brain,
 Tell me brave Sir, what Glory may this be,
 To any Men of Mark or Majestie,
 When that thou thinks with welcome Friend to crown me,
 In stead of Welcome, with a Drink to drown me.
 I grant it's but a light and venial Sin,
 When any Friend or Stranger shall come in ;
 To drink a Cup or two in measure to him,
 Which being drunk in Love, will ne'er undoe him:
 But if thou make thy Friend at every Potion,
 Exhaust a Cup that's deeper than the Ocean.
 I do not think but either he will tire,
 Or quickly he will set his Nose on Fire ;
 Prevent therefore the hazard of this ill,
 And keep not with thee such a Rebel still,

Whose

Whose main design and chiefeſt Aim's to Felter,
 Thy beſt Friend's feet, by drinking Helter Skelter.
 I ſend thee here a Sloup of which I'll boaſt,
 That if the Wind prove fair, will ſcour the Coaſt,
 Of *Holland, Zeland, Dunkirk, France and Spain,*
 And ſend thee ſure and ſooner word again,
 Than any *Dunkirk* Pyrat ſent to Sea,
 Can Travel to the Wind, or louff to Lee.
 For though her Bullet be not *Dunkirk* ſize,
 Her frequent Charge will make her free her Prize.

POSTSCRIP.

THUS hath my weak and babling Pen been bold,
 To play the Wanton to thee as I could,
 O're whoſe defects and Blemiſhes if thou,
 Will draw the Courtain of thy cheerful Brow.
 I care not for the idle Critick ſtrain,
 Of any Crack't or Caparitious Brain,

No, no, It's to and for thee that those Lynes,
 The abortive Infant and the poor Propines.
 Of weak my Wit, and naked Skill do come.
 They have more Merit, if you lend them room.

*Nil temere uxori, de servis crede quærenti,
 Sape etenim mulier quem conjunx diligit, odit.*

Believe not rashly, when thy Wife complains,
 Of Servants whom thy Bounty entertains.
 For often times, the Wives hates and Reproves,
 That Servant, whom her Husband chiefly Loves.



A Triumph after Enjoyment.

Out of Ovid.

L *Laurels* the Prize unto a Hero due,
 In this blest hour come deck a Lovers Brow;
 Tho' *Hitherto* I Fate could perverse call,
 This kind return does make a mends for all,

I have gain'd that Beauty which I held so dear,
 The Conquest cost me only some few Tears:
 I have her in my Armes, her kindness now does more,
 Than pay the Pains she gave me heretofore.
 'Twas less Task *Argus* to lull asleep,
 Then to elude the Care with which she's kept,
 Yea such a Troop of Lovers blockt my way,
 I rag'd and storm'd impatient of delay.
 She gave the means, which I strove to improve,
 And in the end she crown'd my constant Love.
 To force a Standard from a yeelding Foe,
 As the reward is great, the glory's so;
 Yet I do hold that Triumphs greater far,
 Are due to Love than to the Scarlet War.
 Love only Art, War Force does often guide,
 And fickle Chance puts Victory on the side:
 I have not beleagred Towns, which being gain'd,
 The Conquests with the Blood of thousands stain'd,
 I bound my wishes Labour with all Art,
 To foil and gain the Ravisher of my Heart:
 When *Agamemnon* had ransacked Troy,
 Of the exploit he had no Fruit nor Joy.
 So many Heros in it had a share,
 While he the Name of Chief did only bear,
 I gain alone, in it does none partake.
 Nor crave a half of such a glorious Stake:

Love

Love had Casheer'd me, had I beg'd for aid,
 To seem to ask it, I had been afraid:
 I General am, who leads my Army on,
 I Captain am, and Souldier both in one,
 I Ensign bearer, who with all my might,
 Under the Ensigns which I bear do fight.
 It's not to Fortune that I owe my Lot,
 I had been happy, had she pleas'd or not;
 For such a noble Ardor fires my Blood,
 In vain my just designs Fate had withstood:
 This way of talking seems perhaps to brisk,
 But what will not one for a Mistriss risk.
 Love maketh cowards dare to enterprise,
 Things which seem Miracles to Vulgar eyes.
 Never the World had heard such loud Alarms,
 If *Paris* had not known fair *Helens* Charms;
 The *Trojans* ne'er had gain'd proud *Italy*,
 If *Turnus* had not been content to see.
 Rather his Empire, than his Passin dye
 The *Sabins* ne'er had dared to oppose,
 Themselves to *Rome*, and proved it's greatest Foes,
 If losing what of Life they held most dear,
 To lose what still remain'd they did not fear.
 Lov's a great Sire, inspired with his Heat,
 I saw two Bulls with equal Fury meet,

They

They push'd at other with such eager Strife,
 As when two Rivals fight for Death and Life.
 Sure he's a Fool, who coming to possess,
 What's truly lovely, thinkst no happiness:
 I have attacted, gain'd, and have enjoy'd,
 Till both my Eyes and Appetite are cloyed:
 Of some few Sighs I grant I had the pain,
 A sober Loss, for such a mighty Gain.

In imitation of Anacreon.

I was soft lay'd upon my Bed,
 and deep in Sleep Intranc'd,
 When at my Port there was one knockt,
 So hard it did me wake.
 Open say'd he, and let me in,
 with Cold I'm chil'd to Death,
 For it doth Thunder Hail and Rain,
 Light flasheth from the Sky,
 And

And I am naked, oh ! let me in,
or quickly I must dye.

These words with Pity mov'd my Soul,
and rais'd me from my Rest,
In Charity I thought me bound,
to help one so Opprest.

When I did open straight I saw,
a Boy came shivering in,
Stark naked ; in his hand a Bow,
a Quiver on his Thigh,

I askt his name, but straight he say'd,
I must my self first dry.

When I am Warm, and can well speak,
I'll tell you by and by.

When I did light a Pagot up,
he look'd if all was right,

If that his Shafts were fit, and clear,
If that his Bow was tight.

His hands benum'd with Cold, I strokt,
and thaw'd before the Fire.

Tho' he seem'd Beardless, raw and young,
yet Fear did me possess,

When I thought on his Bow, and Shaft
and Quiver by his side ;

What idle Thoughts said I is this,
to fear one that's so Young,

Him I can bind when e'er I please,
and whip him when I've done.

What should I say, if *Poliphem*
were lodged beneath my Roof,

The Boy then with a lively Air,
doth take his Bow in hand,

And down lets fall his yellow hair,
and shaft fits to the String,

He straight lets fly the Arrow keen,

Which peirced me to the Heart,

Thou'ft got it now said he, and mind,

Its *Cupid* makes thee smart,

For that's my Name, Remember well,

on *Sylvia* think the fair,

Take this for all thy Toill and pains,

and say you have your Hire.

Ingrate sayes I, does thou thus treat,

one that's so kind to thee,

What baser Treatment could thou give,

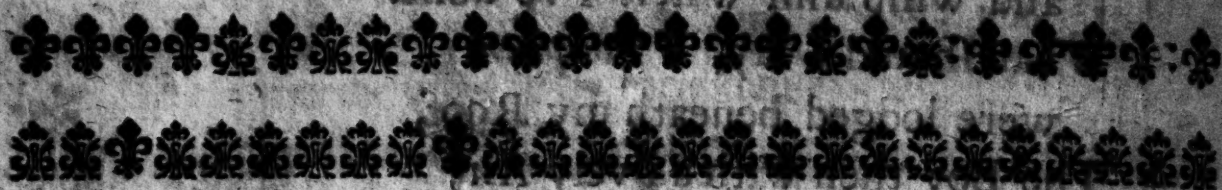
to thy worst Enemy.

Then *Cupid* hoopt about and Skipt,

said Commerad thou dost know,

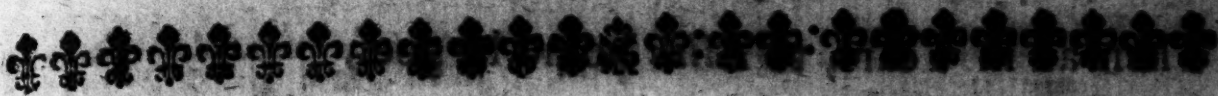
Full well what I am now, and what

my Arrow is and Bow.



Another Imitation of Anacreon.

PAINTER thou who does excel,
 all other in the *Cyprian Isle*,
 Or *Paphos*, for thy dextrous Skill,
 Paint me absent *Iris* now.
 Thou hast not seen her, thou wilt say,
 What then, the better its for thee,
 I'll in few words instruct thee what to do,
 First mix the *Lillys* and the *Rose*,
 Loves wanton looks and smiles,
 But why each thing, for thou can well,
 Of *Venus Iris* make,
 And thou can make the *Treats* so like,
 None shall know the *Mistake*,
 And of that *Iris* thou again,
 Can make the lovely *Paphian Queen*.



Ex Græco.

*VIR Biliæ cum quondam oris graveolentia probus
 Objecta est: rediit flebilis ille domum,
 Et querulus casta tacite cum conjugis iacet,
 Turpe oris vitium quod latuisset eum,
 Illa cui, fraus nulla mea hac nam ignara virorum
 Credebam cunotos sic oluisse viros.*

Thus Translated.

CHast Biliæ Husband at a friendly Feast,
 Did unawarfe meet with a scornful Jest,

They told him to his teeth, O Man thou hath,
 A comely Wife, but yet a stinking Breath.
 Then all in Tears, to *Bilia* home he goes,
 And Chydes her thus, fye should you not disclose,
 And warn me of that foul Infirmary,
 Which Strangers to my shame cast up to me.
 Dear heart quoth she, that Fault I no ways know,
 Because I never kiss'd a Man but you.
 So if thy Breath was Foul I could not tell,
 Thinking that all Mens Breath had such a smell.



Truth's

*Truth's Travels, in Scots Meeter, and
much in Repute in our Old King James
his time, by Peter Many.*

SOME say within these Hundred Years,
That *Truth* did Travel on the Earth,
But was ill treat as well appears,
albeit he was of Noble Birth.
Few Men or nain would give him Girth,
Then Noble *Truth* was troubled swae,
That he was forc'd to turn with Mirth,
To that Country where he came frae.
For Wealthy Men would naeways ken him,
And his own Servants were but poor,
They neither had to give nor Lend him,
and Taverns held him at the Door.
In time of Preaching he was sure,
To be with Pastors in the Kirk,
Except sik Men as they took Cure,
All others they began to Irk.

When

When Kirk was Skaeld and Preaching done,
 And Men and Women baith went haim,
 Nae Man call'd *Truth* to his Disjeun,
 Albeit he was of Noble Fame,
 Their was not one that kept a Craim,
 But they had Bacon, Beef, and Ale,
 Yet no Acquaintance *Truth* could Claim,
 To wish him worth a dish of Kail.
 Except Pastors or Judges sought him,
 I trow his dinner was but cauld,
 For Advocats much Skaith they wrought him,
 He makes their Gowns so bare and Auld.
 And Merchant Men that bought and sauld,
 For findrie things could not abide him.
 And poor Craftsmen albeit they wald,
 They had no Portion to povide him.
Truth could not get a Dish of Fish,
 For Cooks and Kailwives baith refus'd him,
 Because he plainted of their Dish,
 And Poultry-Men plainly misus'd him.
 The Baxters Boyes came and abus'd him.
 So *Truth* got Wrang of every one,
 Yea not a Karline but accus'd him,
 That sell'd the Tripes about the Troan.
 A Tapster took *Truth* in her Sellar:
 She gave him Drink and other Cheir,

But

But all the laive were like to fell her,

Because she let him come so neir.

Quoth they Thief if he Shelter here,

Baith thou and we are clean undone,

We shall not winn the haill lang yeir,

So meikle as will mend our Shoon.

Then *Truth* he travelled ovr the Street,

For lack of Godly Company,

Till with three blades he chanc'd to meet,

who were not of his Quality.

Falset came first, then *Vanity*,

Who brings great Hurt to all Estate,

As they forgathered there all three,

Then afterward comes in *Deceit*.

They spear at *Truth* where will ye Dync,

Quoth he where I may have good Chear,

Sayes *Falset* I ken Ail and Wine,

Within a House that is right near.

Quoth *Truth* I wad we were not dear,

Because that me must spend to marrow,

Sir quoth *Deceit* take ye no fear,

We shall get Siller for to borrow.

Vanity sayes I will gae look,

If I can get a Chamber clair,

I am acquainted with the Cook,

Itrow we shall get honest Fair,

Then

Then *Vanity* soon enters their,
 And speirs if they had ready Meit,
 Make haft, fee for no Coaft ye spare,
 Get us some Delicats to eat.
 With that the other three came thither,
 And faw the Meat was ready drest,
 They merrily fat down together,
 And *Vanity* he ferv'd the reft.
 Of Wine and Ail they had the beft,
 And other Cheir for honeft Men,
 They eat and drank even what they lift,
 Till that a quart was com'd and gaen.
Vanity bad the laive be mirrie,
 Fetch yet a quart what ere it coaft,
Falset faves I am like to worrie,
 With that *Deceit* he gave a hoft.
Vanity faves bring up the Roft,
 And take away thefe Broos and Sup,
 And gar some body bring a Toft,
 With Clowes and Cannel in the Cup.
Deceit faves let the Wife come drink,
 For ſhe is brunt up bain and Lyre,
 She makes no Service here I think,
 Quoth ſhe I think your tongue ſhould tyre,
 I cannot winn ben frae the fire,
 The Roaft will burn, the Eggs will loup,

Take

Take any thing that ye desire,
 Let *Falset* gang and fill the Stoup.
 With that the Buird was neir the drawing,
 And *Falset* brewing was a Cheat.
Truth sayes, Wife come and count the Lawing,
 With that *Falset* fell in a sweat,
 He spitted first, and then spew'd,
 He took a Swarf and fell in Soun.
Deceit and *Vanity* baith knew,
 The cunning of that Crafty Loun,
 They presently take the Alarum,
 And cry alace! our Brother's dead,
Deceit soon caught him in his Arm,
 And *Vanity* held up his head.
 Unto the door they run with speed,
 To get him Comfort in the Wind,
 But *Truth* sat still in meikle dreid,
 They left him as a Pawn behind,
Falset ourcame when they came out,
 And ilk an ran a findrie gait,
 But *Truth* sat still in meikle doubt,
 He saw that he must pay the Debt.
 The Brouster Wife wist well I wait,
 The cunning of these Crafty Knaves,
 For they were with her Air and Late,
 She was ay Servant to their Slaves.

When they were gaen she enters in,
 And cryes where is your Company,
 Quoth *Truth* Falsfe Wife will thou begin,
 To ask sik Questions at me.
 They are thy Guests continually ;
 And eat and drink within thy House,
 Quoth she to *Truth* good Faith ye lie,
 I will not trust them with a Soufs,
 Nae Man but ye has brought them hither,
 Therefore in Conscience ye shall pay,
 And Compt when that ye meet together
 Sick things lye not into my way.
 Asure your self that ye shall stay,
 Till that ye pay this Lawing haill,
 Albeit your Cloaths were neir so Gay,
 For I must pay for Bread and Ail,
 Ye came before I fend about you,
 Whither they call you *Truth* or *Jack*,
 I have liv'd all my Days without you,
 I have no neid of Sik a Block ;
 Sir pay or ye shall leive your Clock,
 Before that ye gang to the Door,
 Quoth *Truth*, in Caice I get that Mock,
 I never think to file thy Floor.
 Nae fault quoth she ye are precise,
 And brings our Craft to meikle wrack.

Yea

(91)
Yea hurts even Men of all Degree,
That we dare not Miscompt a Plack,
The narrow Reckoning that ye take,
Gars all the Tapsters clean abhore you.
I will not gang behind your back,
Come never again till we fend for you.
Then *Truth* extreemly was offendit,
Because that he must pay the Debt,
He wist not well what ways to mend it,
But went out to the Brousters Gait,
With *Falset* hastily he met,
Was standing like a Crafty Loun,
Then *Truth* did loup to him but lett,
He claught him and he keust him down,
And said Sir *Falset* was ye Sick,
Ye and your graceless Company,
With that *Truth* took him on the Cheek,
And lent him Lusty Lounders three.
Then *Falset* he began to flee,
And cry'd oh! Sorrow Shame and wrack,
And in a House soon entered he,
Where Linning Claith they use to mak,
He cry'd as if he had been daft,
And sayes now are our Brethren Clair,
I am a Neighbour of your Craft,
And *Truth* has troubled me right sair,

The Webster says take thou nae Care
 But lye down underneath my Loom,
 For *Truth* will neir come seek thee there,
 Though thou bide till the Day of Doom.
 For Mirth the Webster made a Beacon,
 And there the Craft was all conven'd,
 A Boy ran out to fetch the Deacon,
 And *Falset* their he has Complain'd.
 His sad Affront was fairly mean'd,
 As an of their Society,
 He was right Richly entertain'd
 And made with all their Brethren free.
 The Deacon says can thou make Claith,
 Quoth *Falset* in this Country spinning,
 Linning and Woolen if I had Graith,
 And live right well upon my Winning;
 For Webster Craft was my beginning,
 And be that Art I still abyde,
 I ken your Warping and your winding,
 To hail a Hundred by the Side.
 Then thou may live in caice thou please,
 The Deacon says though thou be scant,
 To winn thy Meat and Steal thy Claiths,
 It is a woeful thing to want.
 Deacon quoth he indeed I grant,
 But ye must give me leave to Steal.

Whither it be from Kin or Aunt,
We cannot live if we be leil.
The Deacon sayes I think thee good,
In Case thou could make merry News,
Of *Wallace* or of *Robin Hood*,
Nae Sir quoth he, I can take Clewes,
Of any sort or any hewes,
Of Fifteen I can take an ell,
Whether it be of Blacks or Blews,
And hyde them ay in little Hells,
With that the Craft and Deacon took him,
And made him as their Brother sworn,
They send out for a Clerk to book him,
And would not hyde until the morn;
For *Truth* they held him at the Horn.
Frae tyme he saw *Falset* was hyrd,
He thought his Travel was forlorn.
For he had stood till he was tyrd.
Then *Truth* he got away right fast,
And made his Travel to the *Troang*,
Where he saw *Vanity* at last,
Was standing in a part alone,
He sayes now is thy Brother gone,
With that *Truth* took him by the Neck,
And gave him their as some suppone,
Three Bevels till he gard him becke;

Vani-

Yhi-

Vanity took him to his feet,
 Because he durst not tarry there,
 In hast he gat out ou'r the Street,
 And lightly he lap up the Stair.
 Of Taylors Booths there was a pair,
 And *Vanity* got in among them,
 To give them Comfort for their Care,
 For fear that *Truth* should clean ou'r gang them.
 I am a Brother of your Calling,
 Your Noble Art for to advance,
 I brought the Bodyes haim with *Balling*,
 As was the present Mode of *France*.
 Even Vardingals when Ladyes dance,
 Begarry'd Tayls with borders three,
 And Skiprigs now come up by chance,
 My Natural Name is *Vanity*.
 But all his Head was full of Clowrs,
Truth did so handle him when he had him,
 He laid upon him full twa hours,
 Were not Help came, he had outred him,
Truth followed *Vanity* and bled him,
 When he was in they Taylors Chap,
 Then all the Taylors raise and red him,
 And wrapped *Truth* out ou'r the Trap.
 They took the other by the hand,
 And said now welcome *Vanity*,

We are all haill at thy Command,
 Lets see gif *Truth* dare follow the,
 And yet right welcome he should be,
 If he would keep himself but quiet,
 But nothing he may hear or see,
 But still he prattles ow'r like a Pyer,
 Thou shall be Forman to our Lads,
 Of any Wark take thou the Chose,
 Quoth he I must take Clouts and blads,
 For Pickindails for Caps and Hofs.
 So to be short and make a close,
 I'll steal from Petticoat or Gown,
 From Scarlet shanks and shoon with rose,
 That gars poor Husbands leave the Town.
 Nae Man quoth they shall needle draw.
 for pleasure nor for poverty.
 By all that's good we make this Law,
 Except the first be free with thee,
 In Brugh or Land where e'er he be,
 So Taylors took him by the hand,
 And *Vanity* said Sirs we shall gree,
 Fetch in a Clerk and make the Band.
 Then *Truth* durst tarry there nae langer,
 Because he was so oft Disgrac't,
 But went away in meikle anger,
 Till he came till the Cross almaist,

Where

Where soon he saw *Deceit* in hast,
 Within the Body of the Town,
 Into a part where he was plac'd,
 Well girded in a gallant Gown.
 I trow *Truth* gave him their his Straiks,
 For he could not abyde his force.
 Some says indeed he gave him Straiks,
 But doubt that would have Slain a Horse.
 The Craimers all came frae the Corfs,
 Baith Men and Wives they were conven'd,
 And cryes *Truth* has thou no remorse,
 To be so Cruel to our Friend.
 Meilmakers came to *Truth* to hald him,
 Till time their Friend was out of Strait,
 Fishers, and Fleshers they miscall'd him,
 The Stablers start out to the Gait,
 The Candlemakers came and Flaite,
 The Potingers were very Crouse,
 Wha gat away then but *Deceit*,
 And brake into a Brockars House.
 Fy help quoth he I am *Deceit*.
 With *Truth* right fair I am pursued,
 I am a Friend to thy Estate,
 And helps thee Dayly gif thou knew'd.
 I wad our Kindness were renew'd,
 And I shall serve thee faithfullie,

The

The Brokar sayes, faith *Truth* shall reward
 That e'er he had to do with thee.
 We are ay troubled with that *Truth*,
 He flees *Deceit* where e'er he finds him,
 He neither uses Sleep nor Slowth,
 Nor Buds and Brybes can noways blind him,
 There is no Mortal Means can bind him,
 He tryes our Deeds that are most deep,
 And leavs good Conscience behind him,
 That gar's us sigh when we should sleep.
 Brother quoth he, I am a Brokar,
 By that I winn my Living chief,
 I borrow Silver dear for Ocker,
 To them that are in Debt and Grief,
 And so I live for to be brief,
 I win great Wealth and wait ye how,
 Baith he that buys and sells the Beef,
 Must give me Collops of the Cow,
 Sicklike I can go ow'r the Fells,
 Of Merchandize to make abuse.
 I have baith Weights that buys and Sells,
 With common folks when I conduce,
 When that I buy this is my use,
 What I would have I loath and lack,
 And when I sell I will make ruifs,
 of that whilk is not worth a plack.

The Brokar says will thou be fey'd,
 And I shall keep the in thy right,
 Faith quoth *Deceit* it is agreed,
 I shall bide with thee day and night,
 What Subtiltie or any Slight,
 Or *Falset* yet that e're was us'd,
 I shall supply thee to my might,
 At all times when thou art accus'd.
 Quoth he, kens thou the Merchant Booth,
 To fetch me Paper, Wax or Threed?
 Yes quoth *Deceit* even Sir forsooth,
 I can run through them all with speed.
 Quoth he, friend can thou Writ and Read?
 Yes quoth *Deceit*, with findrie hands,
 And counterfit a Band for need,
 To cut true Men from Geir and Lands.
 Quoth he can thou gang to the Bar,
 In Caice I had an Action their?
 Quoth he, I dar not gang so far,
 But I shall gae mid House and mair.
 The Brokar fays, why will thou spare,
 That thou dare gang no furdur ben.
 Faith quoth *Deceit* I would not care,
 Gif *Truth* were put out frae these Men.
 The Brokar says since it is so,
 That thou has taen thy girth herein,

Care not for *Truth* that is thy Foe,
 For *Conscience* nor all her Kin.
Deceit sayes friend we must begin,
 To winn some Wealth or Worldly Gein.
 The Brokar says, Sir make no dinn,
 Ye shall have Service for a Yeir.
 Frae *Truth* perceiv'd them all releiv'd,
 And he so fairlie Circumveen'd,
 Indeed he Angry was and Griev'd,
 He ran to Judges and Compleen'd.
 The Judges and Council all Conveen'd,
Truth and his Plaint were baith receiv'd;
 At the first view Men would have deem'd,
 He got the Justice which he crav'd.
 He tald how that they had deceiv'd him,
 Ev'n *Falset* and his crafty Band,
 And how the Brouster Wife had crav'd him,
 And how they did escape his hand,
 What Harm they did into the Land,
 And what like Men that had Reset them.
 With that the Justice gave Command,
 That all the Guard should search and get them.
 The Justice choos'd himself Assessors,
 To make him strong in that pretence,
 To punish them and Sik Oppressors,
Prudence first and Experience.

Attentive Ear and Diligence,
 Authority to stand before him,
 To gar him get Obedience;
 That fainting Fear should not Devour him.
 After the time that they were met,
 Immediately in little space,
 Be Policy they were all set,
 Who had great Knowledge of the Caice;
 The Judge was first put in his place,
 And Wardlie Gain crap in behind him,
 Who durst not come before his Face,
 For fear her Golden glance should blind him.
 They that fought Falsset, then had found him,
 And said, Sir, ye and an must meit.
 After they gat him then they bound him,
 And brought him headlong up the Streets,
 Falsset began to fleir and Groat:
 But e're the Judges were aware,
 They Haltered him baith Head and Feet,
 And harld him hard into the Barr.
 Then Justice says, where was thou born?
 Quoth Falsset, Sir, into the Isles,
 And I have beenlang time in Lorn,
 And came into the Country whiles,
 Yea, to the South right many Myles,
 And sometimes I dwell in the Border,

With

With Outlaws and these Stubborn Styles,
 Before your Lordships took good Order.
 Quoth he art thou the Websters Man,
 Or one of that Societie?
 Quoth *Falset*, Sir, but now and than,
 Though I be with their Brethren free.
 For others will not let me be,
 Albeit the Webster have the Glamer,
 There are even richer Men nor he,
 That keep me in their chiefeft Chamber.
 The Webster sent me to the Mill,
 Of Corn I trow to grind a peck,
 And there the Miller held me still,
 Till time we censured every Sack.
 Then Shepherds took me by the Neck,
 That I might help to feed their Flocks,
 And some Forstowers in effect,
 Carry'd me North to make their Blocks.
 When I came haim a Maltman met me,
 Who keeped me a Moneth hail,
 When he was gaen, Browsters refet me,
 That I might help to brew their Ail.
 And some Men sends me to Sail,
 To *France*, to *Portingal* or *Spain*,
 Though Websters get the Slander hail,
 Yet other Men has greater Gain.

After

After the Judges had exam'd him,
 For he had granted Kow and Yow,
 For to be Scoarg'd soon they condemn'd him,
 The Hangman claught him in a Tow,
 And draive him to the Neather-bow;
 He durst ne'er come again for Aw,
 But lodges in some House or How,
 In *Pleasants* or the *Patterraw*.
 Then they cry'd *Vanity* Compear,
 Why should ye had the Judge so lang?
 The Taylors answered we are here,
 He is so Sick he cannot gang,
 For *Truth* has done him meikle wrang,
 He dang *Deceit* and him like Dogs,
 I trow we shall not have him lang,
 Except some Doctor give him Drogs.
 Taylors, quoth *Truth*, ye were ow'r ready,
 To fling me headlong ow'r your Stair,
 The Taylors answered be our Lady,
 Come ye again ye shall have mair,
 For why ye had no errand there,
 To ding our Friend and gar him blood.
Vanity serves us late and air,
Truth does our Craft but little good.
 My Lords we will give in Defences,
 According to our common Law,

And

And charge this *Truth* for great Expence,
 Our Friend has gotten sik ourthraw.
 We know *Truth* has no Writ to shaw,
 Therefore his Action must be ill,
 For he will get no Clerks I know,
 Masters nor Men to make his Bill,
 Therefore let *Truth* come pay the Coast,
 For *Vanity's* Expence is dear,
 Since he say Sick he's fed on Roast,
 Chickens, Broath, and other Cheir,
 Sack, Claret, white-wine and black-beir,
 Or else but doubt he had been dead.
 In Case your Lordship please to speir,
 Here is the Man that haills his Head.
 A Barber says, he is misus'd
 My Lord as every Man may see,
 Baith Back and Breast are fairlie bruis'd,
 And likely for to lose an Eye.
 I gave him Plaisters twa or three,
 I wait not how their Pica began.
 Deceit says Surgeon well said ye,
 Ye speak now like an honest Man.
 The Judge says, Taylors now find Caution,
 That *Vanity* shall do no ill,
 But keep him with your Occupation.
 The Taylors says it is our will,

To bind our selves within a Bill,
 In Caice your Lordship make it sure,
 If we had Strength to hold him still,
 He should not gang out ow'r our door:
 But *Vanity* he is employ'd,
 In all this Country as ye ken,
 When Gentle-woman are convoy'd,
 He soon Loups out to bear their Train,
 Young Courteours and Gentlemen,
 And Merchants Sons whiles for him strives,
 And then we see him not till ten.
 Whilk time he busks your Burgeses Wives.
 The Justice says, ye cannot purge him,
 For any wiles ye will invent.
 Quoth they, my Lords, in Caice ye scourge him,
 Your Ladys will not be content.
 Quoth he, he shall have Banishment,
 Out of the Country for a while,
 Till time that he grow penitent,
 Either to *Orkney* or *Argyle*.
 The Taylors then took *Vanity*,
 Out of the Judges hand and Thral,
 They hecht him their Fidelitie,
 To place him highest in their Hall.
 And promist he should never fall,
 So long as Taylors are alive.

For all our Sons and Servants shall,
 Be sworn thy Subjects and subscribe.
 The Taylors made a merry Banquet,
 To *Vanity* and his Convoys,
 They fetcht a Quart of Wine and drank it,
 With Bag-pipe Trump and other Joyes.
 Kinnings, Capons and sik Toyes,
 Baith Fish and Flesh was at that Feast,
 Yea nor one of the Taylors Boyes,
 But either had a Burd or Beast.
 So *Falset* he was finely Scourg'd,
 Out of the bounds where he had been,
 And *Vanity* was naways purg'd,
 But for the Taylors sake ow'rseen.
 Yet *Conscience* crys sure their is an,
 The only Author of all wrang,
 There is no Size can make him clean,
 If we get right *Deceit* will hang.
 A Clerk then cry'd *Deceit* come in,
 Enter before the Judge, lets see,
 The Brokar says what needs this dinn,
Deceit came in a soon as ye.
 I Counsel you agree with me,
 Prefs not to put *Deceit* away,
 For if *Deceit* be forc't to flee,
 Faith baith our Callings will decay.

For why *Deceit* makes all Discords,
 In every Country Realm and race,
Deceit makes Noblemen and Lords,
 Oppress the poorer sort apace.
 If *Truth* were planted in all place,
 Wherefore would Men seek Justice here,
 Frae time the Clerk once knew the Caice,
 He was not thence so doons severe.
 But now *Deceit* sits in a nuik,
 With store of his false Friends about,
 Devyseing there some doleful juick,
 To trouble *Truth* and put him out.
 The Procutars bad him be stout,
 Care not for *Conscience* a Leek,
 Faint not my Friend nor flee for doubt,
 Ye shall get Men enough to speak.
 Though *Conscience* cause the Judge to taunt you,
 Fear not but flee out of his Gait.
 Assure your self we cannot want you,
 Ye have sik Moyen since we met,
 In caice the Judge will not permit,
 That you come ben, hyde still the Butt,
Truth cannot trap you in a Net,
 You have sik Wiles and warldly Wit.
 Although the Judge give out Decreit,
 For *Conscience* sake, take ye nae care.

(86 107)
His Action shall have little feet,
For we can make it soon unchair,
When *Truth* even trowes there is no mair,
But that his Action is all ended,
Yet we can find some Secret Snare,
In Subtile fort for to Suspend it.
Deceit perceiv'd them then so frank,
To keep him both from Grief and smart,
Quoth he we will bind up Contract,
Because you love me with your heart,
That I shall make you well expert,
Yea gar your conqueis buy and Bigg,
And gain great Riches afterward,
When *Truth* shall scarcely keep a Rig.
And to assure you this in plain,
I shall for well of your Estate,
Acquaint you with my Sister Gain,
I am her Brother well I waet.
I wish the Judges now of late,
Once knew the sweetness of my Sister,
Truth could not put me in this strait,
In Caice the Judge and Clerks had kist her.
She is so pleaseant to behold,
With garlant Gilt and Silver Lace.
Her Ornaments are only Gold,
With Warldlie Wisdom in her Face.

(108)
Poor Procutors then cry'd Alace,
We should be Sworn your Subjects hail,
If ye would grant us but Grace,
That we might come and bear her Tayl.
Deceit says for your Poysond Packs,
Ye shall get something every day,
But hunt about like hungry Hawks,
Who seek long for sillie Prey.
What poor Men give be taking ay,
A quart of Ale or a cuple of Groats,
With tricks first train them on the way,
Syne leave them lying be the Throats.
Be that a Maister cryed thrice,
Deceit compear in Judgement place,
At last *Deceit* was forc't to rise,
Up, partly with a painted Face.
There he had fifty of his Race,
And on his haunch there hang a bag,
False Buds and Bribes for to embrace,
As full of Wealth as it might wagg.
Deceit stood like a feignyed Fox,
The Judge beheld him constantly,
And said Sirrah a pair of Stocks,
The're fittest for sik Guests as the.
How durst thou Dog presume so high,
With thy Consorts these Rascalls Rud,

For to abuse the Company,
 Of Noble *Truth* that is so good.
 I ken by thee that draught was drawn,
 That honest *Truth* was so abus'd,
 For many a Man thou has ow'r thravn,
 Wherefore thou shall be now accus'd.
 The Saints of G O D thou has misus'd,
 With Cruelty and great Envy.
Deceit says Sir hold me excus'd,
 Trust not so far till once ye try.
 The thing is small that we have done,
 To *Truth*, in Caice your Lordship knew,
 It is but for a poor Disjuin,
 That he has Action to pursue.
 As for my part Right fair I rew,
 In any sort that I was there.
 Then *Conscience* crys that is not true,
 There are five hundred Matters mair.
 Thou art a *Traitor* from thy Youth,
 In every point as I shall prove,
 Thou entered in the Serpents Mouth,
 And first deceiv'd our Grand-dame *Eve*.
 Perswading her, her God to grieve,
 Which brought her Person to great pine,
 In Sicklike sort she does Mischief,
 Her simple Seed always sinfyne.

The

Thou cruel crosser of all Reason,
 Mover of Murders and Debates,
 Thou only Actor of all Treason,
 Thou alterer of all Estates.
 Thou bringer up of new Conceits,
 Only to Murder Modesty,
 Thou brought Tobacco through the *Straits*,
 That shameful superfluity.
 A Procutor then raise and spake,
 And said we here his Groundless grieves,
 At least my Lord give us extract,
 Of all his Noyesome Narratives.
 For there are neither Whores nor Thieves,
 Before Tryal should be Condemn'd,
 Therefore let *Truth* give in his grieves,
 To be insert and then Exam'd.
 Another Answered with Correction,
 In caice your Lordship rightly spy,
 His Bill belongs not to this Action,
 If we his Lybel look and try.
 Matters five thousand years past by,
 Should not be wakened now of late,
Ergo it is but auld Envy,
 That *Conscience* has at *Deceit*.
 For why Tobacco makes no trouble,
 In any part as may appear,

Ex.

(111)
Except it gar Men bleir and buble,
And Merchants whiles winn meikle Geir.
Yea sometimes it will make a Steir,
Gar Swaggerers Swear and fill the Stoup.
Quoth *Conscience* since it came here,
It has gard findrie Lairdships loup.
But sure it is if *Truth* were heard,
Deceit would be put in a Jyel,
The Clerk says *Truth* is not debarr'd,
Ye see *Deceit* stands at denial.
This Cause must byde a longer Tryal,
Till time the Judges be more quiet,
With that *Deceit* cast in a Ryot,
Which fav'd him till the second Dyet.
Then *Conscience* cryes here we Appeal,
This Action clean out of thy sight,
To him that knows both False and Leil,
Who shall destroy thee and thy might.
I shall torment thee Day and Night,
And make thy Sinful Corps to quake,
When *Truth* shall bring thy Works to light,
Lyke *Belshazar* thy bairns shall shake.
Frae time he heard that Appellation,
He thought these Summonds were so odd,
He found a privie perturbation,
Even fainting for the awes of God.

His Soul was prest with such a load,
 That all his Senses clean were smoor'd,
 His wandring Wits so rang'd abroad,
 Like *Dinah* when she was Deflowr'd.
 The Justice stood so Stupefi'd,
 So pierc'd he was with double Pain,
 Whiles he resolves for *Truth* indeed,
 Then looking back to *Worldlie Gain*.
 Quoth *Truth* there is but an in plain,
 Doubtless there is but an of two,
 Come forward or turn back again,
 Follow thou her or let us go.
 With that the Judge was so amaz'd,
 That he concluded in his Thought,
 However the World rul'd or gaz'd,
 To bring that Rogue *Deceit* to nought.
 So gave Command he should be brought,
 Be Officers and Men of Force,
 For wicked Works that he had wrought,
 And hanged high up at the Corfs.
 Then *Worldlie Gain* cast of her Masking,
 Falling before the Judges Knees,
 And cry'd my Lord grant me an asking,
 The Judge beheld her golden Eyes.
 And said Madam ask what you please,
 Quoth she, my Brother is in strait,

Then

Then all the Agents swarm'd like Bees,
 And gat Remission for *Deceit*.
 And yet the Judge was so offendit,
 Because of Promise he had made,
 He said what ways ye will defend it,
 I will not break the word I said,
 For fear the Slander spread abraid,
 That I as *Pilot* take such Shame,
Deceit shall hang now by the head,
 Or else be forc'd to cange his Name.
 Se that ye call him *Warldlie-Wit*,
 And let him noways enter ben.
 But byde with Procutors the but,
 And so he shall be spared then.
 Were not request of *Warldlie-gain*,
 He should have died without delay,
 Quoth she though I bring help to Men,
 He is the *Hawk* that hunts the *Pray*,
 Then *Conscience* comes in again,
 And says my Lord how gangs the Cause,
 A Clerk reply'd ye speak in vain,
 Not but according to the Laws.
Deceit and *Warldlie-gain* baith shaws,
 They have the right end of the String,
 Quoth *Conscience* J E H O V A H knows.
 Thou speaks a Leising in that thing,

Ambition Captain of the Guard,

With Consent of the Judges haill,
Soon clipped *Conscience* into Ward.

Then Noble *Trnth* could not prevail,
Deceit did guide the *Tobuith* haill,

Both Poor and Rich at his Command,
Frae *Conscience* was in that Baill,

Then Noble *Truth* soon left the Land.
But *Conscience* weared not to cry,

Within the Lodge where that she lay.
Some of the Clergie then came by,

And thought she was so noysome ay,
Who ar't thou that crys their quoth they ?

Quoth she I am good *Conscience*,
If it be thou, sure we will stay,

To be thy Fathers and Defence.
Quoth they, who is thy contra-part ?

Quoth *Conscience* even Foes enough,
A Kirk-man said tell me my Heart,

Who is the greatest Foe to you,
Deceit and *Vanity* Pursue,

Me as their Mortal Enemy,
And now *Deceit* by Moyer now,

Hath cast me in Captivity.
Conscience quoth they have ye na mair,

That does procure your present Pain,

Quoth

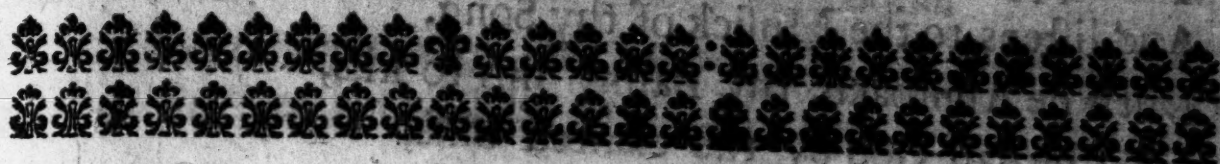
Quoth she *Deceit* with fashions fair,
 And his dear Sister *Worldlie-gain*,
 Quoth they we tell you this in plain,
 We ken that *Truth* is in Exyle,
 Be ye at Feid with *Worldlie-gain*,
 We let you lye in *Ward* a while,
 At deep *Deceit* we have Despite,
 Were not Sweet-Gain his Sister dear,
 Indeed your Party is too great,
 Which gars you lye in Prison here,
 We wave this Matter, and retire,
 For help of our Posterity,
 And pass furth from this Process clear,
 Except that ye and Gain agree.



*On the Death of that Pious and Powerful
Pastor, Mr. George Meldrum one of the
Ministers of Edinburgh, and Professor
of Theologiæ in the University there.*

BLiss'd *Meldrum's* gone, the Churches radiant Light,
On Earth he shin'd, shin's now in *Heaven* more bright.
He's by that G O D whom he so dearly lov'd,
To endless Bliss, and *Heavenly* Joys remov'd.
A gloomic Cloud o're *Scotland's* Church is spread,
Now her good Guide, the holy *Meldrum's* dead.
Great Man of G O D thou'r't gone, And we lament,
That now the Churches radiant Tapers spent.
No more shall Sinners listen to thy Tongue,
Our Harps are now upon the Willows hung,
O how his Lips with charming words did move,
While opening up the Misteries of Love.
His Heart was seen, and Heaven shon in his Face,
When Lecturing on the Covenant of Grace.
To good for Earth, he's fled to Sants above,
And there drinks in, eternal Draughts of Love,

*Cura fuit recte vivere cura mori,
Et tamen hoc nihil est preter amare deum.*



*A Gentleman's Answer to his Rival's
Challenge.*

RIVAL,

L I K E Friends let's lay aside all Jarrs,
Cupids the God of Love not God of Wars,
 Let's not by Fighting offer to decide her,
 Rather than Quarrel let us both divide her.
 All that's above the Belt that shall be thine,
 All that's below the Belt that must be mine,
 And if I chance to kiss the part that's thine,
 Ye shall have leave to do the same to mine.

*Qui te videt est beatus,
 Beatior qui te Audit,
 Qui te bascat se-mi deus est,
 Qui te potitur est Deus,*

O Happy! O thrice Happy! sure is he,
 Whose eyes are blest'd in seeing Divine thee

Yet

Yet happier he, who mongst thy Lovers throng,
 And listens to the Musick of thy Song,
 Durst he Approach, thy Balmy lips to kiss,
 He'd be half God by the exalted bliss,
 But did he once thy Divine self possess,
 He would Enjoy the Gods their happiness.



Inscription for my Bea-house.

O Blush ye-lazie Mortals when ye see,
 The Care and Conduct of th' Industrious Bee,
 In Summers heat it treasurs up great Store,
 To feast with Plenty till Cold-Winter's o're,
 Loaden with Honey suck'd from July's Flowrs,
 Hoards up Provision in its Waxen Bows,
 And there in frugal Government doth dwell,
 For Idle Drons dare not approach the Cell,
 When the returning Spring invites to Fields,
 To Crop the sweets that Mother Nature yeilds,
 The careful Insect thro' the Field does scour,
 To scrap together for a needy hour.

Then

Then Toil O Man in Youth! Age will come on,
 Decriped Age will ask what Youth hath done.
 Or if old Age thou never live to see,
 Provide for Death, and long Eternity.



*A Paraphrase upon the last six Verses of
 the 4th Chapter of the Canticles, or Song
 of Songs.*

V. 11. My Spouse,

FROM thy sweet lips, that hungry Souls doth fill,
 Perpetual drops of Honey doth Distill.

And Canaans Blessings glide beneath thy Tongue,
 Ev'n Milk and Honey to refresh thy young.

Thy perfum'd Garments drooping Souls revives,
 And smells breaths forth such smells as Leb'non gives.

When gentle Zephers Fan the new blown leaves.

V. 12. As boldest hands can never reach a Cup,

From Fountains that are Seall'd, or Springs shut up.

Just so with my fair Spouse,

No Straglers with her Streams Comforted be,

A Spring shut up, a Fountain Seal'd is she,

But all her Currents flow to Saints and me.

V. 13.

P. 13. & 14. Thy blooming Plains a fruitful Soil declare,
 They thrive with vigor in a wholesome Air.
 My Grace convey'd by thee makes, all thy Plants look fair.
 There like an Orchard thicketted with Trees,
 Where various kinds salute the enamored eyes,
 There *Camphire*, *Pomgranates*, and *Aloes* grow,
Saffron, *Mirr*, *Calamus* and *Spikenards* flow,
 There *Incense* Trees, and chiefest Spices bloom,
 Which send with Quickning Gales send forth a rich Perfum.
 P. 15. Thy Orchards Plants all others far excell,
 Your Orchards watered with Salvations Well.
 Thy Gardens full of Fountains never drie,
 Which thy fair Plants with vital Strength supplie.
 Thro' it a Well of living Waters go, (o'r flow.
 (That springs from *Leb'non's* Streem's) & doth th' Banks
 V. 16, Awake, O North wind! O thou South wind blow!
 Cool Gales upon my Spices and they'll flow.
 Ple my Beloved in his Garden meet,
 There we'll solace our selves, and pleasant fruits we'll eat.

Inscription for my Closet.

ARE not the Ravens fed great G O D by thee,
 And wilt thou cloath the Lillies and not me.
 I'll neer distrust my G O D for Cloaths nor Bread,
 Whil'st Lillies flourish and the Ravens fed.

Upon.

*Upon the generally lamented Death of that
worthy Gentleman William Dowglass
Elder of Dornock, who departed this
Life the day of July 1715.*

Pan and Pastora, to the Shepherds asleep.

AH! Shepherds break your Pipes, rise and give ear,
The doleful Cry of *Dornock's* Death comes here;
Awake and weep; turn careless of your Flocks,
And yell, till Echoing, you do rent the Rocks,
Annan, Milk, Moffat, no more gently glide,
But in Hoarse rapid Floods your Streams divide.
The Musick of our Birds is at a close,
And every Murmuring Brook weeps furth its woes.
Our Comforts gone, and we must feel the Cross,
And still bewail this Universal loss.
Even *Lachesis* herself her Eyes did shut,
When Cruel *Atropos* the threed did cut.

Q

With

With trembling hand and almost dropt the Knyfe,
 Wherewith she cut that worthy threed of Life.
 Which put a Period to his Earthly Race,
 And sent his Pious Soul into its place.
 Noble he was by Birth, brave like his Name,
Douglas of *Dornock* of still living Fame.
 Now silent lyes and in his Tomb doth sleep,
 Where all the Country round their Sorrows weep.
 The Poor, the Rich, the Young, the Old and all,
 Were ready still at generous *Dornock's* Call.
 To do him Service both by day and Night,
 He was so much their Darling and Delight.
 His Presence goodly was, of comely feature,
 Adorn'd with all the Charms of Art and Nature.
Ceres and *Bachus*, were at his Command,
 And still poor *Lazarus* found his Liberal hand.
 The Country Pleas he understood full well,
 And all their Pleas did wisely reconcile.
 The Just *Lycurgus* of his Native Shire,
 Feared not Death, nor did he Death desire,
 A Conscience pure was his continual Feast,
 Justice and Honour both lodg'd in his Breast,
 Grace and Good-Manners to a high degree,
 Did always flourish in his Family.

And

And all confess who generous *Dornock* knew,
 The Praise I give noways exceeds his due :
 O if the Heavenly Powers had thought it fit,
 To give him *Nestors* Years to match his Witt.

*Pallida mors aequo pede pulsat,
 Pauperum tabernas, regumque turres.*

Pale Death alike to her Subjection brings,
 The Poor Man's Cottage, and the Courts of Kings.



The *Lintoun* Cabal, or the Jovial Smith
 of *Lintoun's* Invitation of his Club to
 their Mornings Draught, whom he
 had made Drunk the Night before,
 after a great Storm.

FLy fearful Thoughts of Funerals
 Call here *James Dowglass* of the Hall,
 And all the rest of that Cabal,
 Let's rant and Merry be.

Q 2 We'll

We'll set a Table in the Smiddy,
 And Drink till all our Heads grow giddy,
 If it should coast our Necks the Woody,
 Fye haft Lafs, run let's see.

But hark I think no shame to tell it,
 Be sure you first fetch *Gibbie Elliot*,
 Tell him we tryfted at a Sallet,
 And he must say the Grace.

I swear by *Omnia vincit amor*,
 And by my Bellows and Forehammer,
 My Tongue for Thirst begins to stammer,
 When e'er I see his Face.

He turn'd Religious in his Fever,
 For better thriving late than never,
 Yet swears it scorched so his Liver,
 Before to drouth inclin'd ;

That though this Night he Drink the Sea,
 The Morn he'll e'en as drouthy be,
 Nor speak a word of Sense can he,
 Till first his Skin be lyn'd.

Bring Haggis-headed *William Younger*,
 And *James* that little Brandy Monger,
 Laird *Giffard* looks like cauld and hunger,
 He may come warm his Soals.

Then

Their Entertainment shall be good,
 God grant they part but dirt or blood,
 Pay but their Drink we'll trust their Food,
 Cause *Scrogs* provide us Coals.

But stay there comes my dainty Lads,
 By an and an like Whores and bawds,
 They smell the Ale and need no gauds,
 To post or prick them hither.

Now welcome by my faith good Fellows,
 I see you haist like nimble Swallows,
 Lord keep your *Craigs* lang frae the Gallows,
 That we may Drink together.

But tell me Sirs how this can be,
 The Storm made all our Sheep to Die,
 And yet spar'd such a Company,
 Come let us then be Frolick.

Laird *Giffard* crys fy fetch my Mother,
 Or my dear Sister, chuse you whither,
 And master *Robert* bring him hither,
 For I have ta'en the Collick.

I'm like to vomit gutt and gall,
 Good Lord have Mercy on my Saul,
 My giddy head will make me fall,
 In faith I am no Jester.

Will Younger Pray and Gibby Preach,
 Cause send for Wife John Brown the Leech,
 He can blaw Wind into my Breech,
 And give mine Arse a Cliffer.



A Ladies Character of her Lover, in
 Answer to her Mothers Question,
 what was her opinion of him.

A Thing below Contempt whom all despise,
 With crooked Nose, splay Feet and gogle Eyes;
 There's not a Maid when that he doth appear,
 But turns her back and straight grows chaste for fear.
 Half witty and half dull, and scarce half brave,
 Half honest, which is very much a Knave:
 Made up of all these halves, he cannot pass
 For any thing intirely but an Ass.



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A Gentleman's Answer to his Friend,
who asked him if he still Loved his
Mistress who was turn'd Debauch'd.

SURE thoughts so false, so faithless I can name
As Popular applause and common Fame;
It calls the Courteous Knave, the plain Man rude,
Haughty the Grave, and the familiar Lewd.
Poor helpless Woman is not favoured more,
A Hypocrite she is, or else a Whore :
Such is the fate of my adored She,
Fall'n under the reproach of Infamy.
Yet still I'll Love her, at her Feet I'll bow,
Though all that's spoke infallibly were true :
For ah she hath a most prevailing art,
And doth with such resistless Charms impart,
Even pleasant wishes to the chastest Heart.
Raises such Tempests, kindleth such a Fire,
Betwixt resolved vertue and desire,
That the cold Hermit might in these expire.

To

**To my Friend, inviting him to the Coun-
try.**

SI R, fly the Smoak and Clamour of the Town,
 Breath Country air, and see the Farms cut down,
 Revel our Natures sweets, and dyne upon the chief,
 Praising the granter of the plenteous Sheaf.
 Free from all care, we'l range through various Fields,
 Study these plants which Mother Nature yeilds.
 On *Lynes* meandring brooks sometimes we'l Fish,
 The Trouts, a brave but no expensive dish.
 When Limbs are wearied, and our Sport is done.
 We'l trudge to *Cantswalls* by the setting Sun;
 And then some hours we'll quaff a cup of Ale,
 And smoak our Pype, back'd with a wanton Tale.
 We'll read no Courant, which the News home brings,
 For what have we todo with Wars or Kings.
 We'll ne'r disturb our Heads with State affairs,
 But talk of Plough, and Sheep, and Country Fairs.
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Churchmens contentions we abhorre to hear,
 They'r not for Conscience but for worldly Gear.
 We'll fear our G O D, wish well to King and Nation,
 Worship on Sabbath with the Congregation,
 Thus live in Peace and dye in Reputation. }



Dedicatio Georgij Buchanani.

*Ad Mariam illustrissimam Scotorum Reginam,
 Psalmorum Davidis Paraphrasis Poetica.*

*N*ympha Caledoniæ, quæ nunc feliciter Ora;
 Missa per innumeròs Sceptra tueris avos
 Quæ sortem antevenis meritis, Virtutibus annos:
 Sexum animis, Morum Nobilitate genus.
 Accipe, sed facilis, cultu donata Latino
 Carmina, fatidici Nobile regis opus
 Illa quidem Cyrba procul est & Parnasside Lympha
 Pene sub Arctoi sydere nata poli

R

Non

*Non tamen ausus eram, male natum exponere fatum
 Ne mihi displiceant quæ placuere tibi
 Nam quod ab ingenio Domini sperare nequibant
 Debebunt genio forsitan illa tuo.*

Thus Translated.

FAir Nymph of *Scotland* happily who Reigns,
 And sways the Scepter of our numerous Kings.
 Whose rare endowments to the World shine furth,
 Beyond thy Sex, thy years and Princely Birth.
 In *Latin* Verse, a Paraphrase I bring
 Of *David's* Psalms, the sweet Prophetick King.
 Which were not hatch'd at Learn'd *Parnassus* Well,
 But near the Pole where nipping Frosts do dwell.
 Nor durst I thus expose th' abortive birth,
 Not pleasing me, your Pleasure sets it furth.
 And what it wants of Ornamental flowers
 Shall owe to that great genius of yours.

A



A Sparks Perfwasive Letter to his *Mistress*, denying Him to ly with her.

HAte me dear Soul and say no more you love
 If I must only know, what is above
 To kiss your lips and hands these be but Toyes
 And Torments to a Lover and not Joyes
 I hate the wanton Folly of a kiss
 If not a Prologue, to a furdur Bliss
 Men do seek Mynes in Women, and if so
 You must give leave to them, to dig below
 The barren Face of Earth, since Natur's Arts
 Hath hid such Treasures, in the lower Parts
 Why you so coy? You'd fain be married,
 Before that ye would loss, your Maidenhead
 Then may I claim it, as my Right and due
 The Law doth give it me, it is not you
 If you would have your Kindness to me shown
 Bestow it freely, while it is your own.

R 2

Against

Against *Passionate Love*.

NO Man Lov's fiery Passion can approve
 As either yeilding Profit or Promotion
 I like a calm and lukewarm Zeal in Love
 Although I do not like it in Devotion
 Besides, Man needs not love, unless he please
 No Destiny can force his Disposition,
 How then can any dye of that Desease
 Whereof Himself may turn his own Phisitian
 Some one perhaps in long Consumption dry'd
 And after falling into Love may dye
 But I dare pawn my Life, he ne'er had dy'd
 Had he been healthy at the heart as I
 Some others rather than incurr the Slander
 Of False Apostats, will true Martyrs prove
 But I am neither *Iphis* nor *Leander*
 I'll neither hang nor drown my self for Love
 Yet I have been a Lover by Report
 And I have dy'd for Love as others do
 But prais'd be *Jove* it was in such a Sort
 That I reviv'd within ane Hour or two
 Thus have I lov'd thus have I liv'd till now
 And know no Reason to repent me yet
 And he that any otherways would doe
 His Courage is no better than his Witt.

Ane

Ane Letter by Way of Challenge to
a Knight who shot at the Authors doves
and killed them upon the Dovecoat head
being now plenished.

Sir *John*, thou Scandal to the Name of Knight
Here I appeal the if thou dare to fight
And do but either draw thy Sword or Pen
I'll doe my best to let your Worship ken
Thou did a base absurd and Scurvy Deed.
To shoot my Doves upon my Dovecoat head
And call to Mind, for all thy Power and Pelf
Thou medled with a Man as good's thy Self
Sir *John* whatever Character thou bears
Had I been there thou durst not for thy Ears
Let every Villain on our just Laws trample
When Sheriff Deputs prove so bad Example
Eyre Man change trades, turn herd among the geese
And no more Sheriff *John*, Just Ass of Peace.

The Authors Prayer in his Sickness, and under the ap- prehensions of Death.

Lord Jesus Christ, pass by my youthful errors,
And Arm my Soul to meet the King of Terrors.
Take but away the sting, and I shall have
No fears of Death, no horrors of the grave.
Lord I appeal, as thy most humble Child,
From thy strict Justice to thy Mercy mild.
O thou that wilt not break the bruised Reed
Grant Help and Comfort now in Time of need
Glory to Father, Son and Holy Ghost
I'll still Sing here and with the Heavenly Host.

The

The Marriage of *Belphegor*, A Translation out of *Matchiavel*.

ONE Day *Satan Monarch* of Hell, did make a general review of all his Subjects, where were convened, Persons of very different Conditions; Princes, Kings, and the common People shed many a Tear, gave many a hideous cry; So that *Satan* himself was astonished thereat, he demanded at every Soul as they pass'd by in Muster, what had thrown them into Eternal Flames: One said, Alas! It's my Husband. The other Answered, Alas! It's my Wife. This Discourse was so often repeated, that *Satan* told in plain Parliament: That if that Discourse was true, It's easy for us to augment our Glory, and the number of our Subjects; We have therefore no more adoe, but to know the certainty thereof, for which end we must send some Devil full of Cunning and Prudence, who not content with all the Marriages, of which he shall be Witness, shall join thereto his proper experience. The Prince having told his Opinion, the Black Assembly, all with one Voice assented thereto. *Belphegor* was thought the most fit for that Affair amongst all the Assembly, This Devil was all Eyes and Ears, sharp sighted, penetrating and bold, capable

able to make a full Discovery to defray the Charge of this Enterprize, *Satan* gave him many a Letter of Credit, all upon sight, and in different places, which he might touch at pleasure by himself or his Correspondent: And moreover all the Passions, and Incidents of Humane Nature, as Pleasures and Pain Good and Evil were to be Annexed to his Embassy, and in case of strait, and difficulty he might extricate himself by his Wit and Industry, but was not to dye, or see his Country, until he had staid Ten Years on this side of the Glob, for so long was his Embassy to continue: Behold there in a moment *Belphegor* doth traverse that space which is betwixt this Earth and the Shades below, and our Ambassador did establish himself at *Florence* a Town then of Luxury and Expence, but proper for Trade, there under the name of *Signior Roderick*, he Lodged Splendidly, Equipt himself as a Rich Man with a Noble and Gallant Train, encroaching always on the Sum which was to last Ten Years: This high way of Living was the speech and wonder of every one, either for Pleasure or Magnificence, one of the Pleasures, or to which he spent most was *Prince Appollo* the Master of Flattery did assist him; The *Devil* all his Life never had so many Honours payed him, his heart was the Mark at which Love did shoot his Arrows; There was no famous Beauty in that place, but employed her Charms to captivate him, there was none so cruel or severe, but where Rich Presents will make plain the way; This is a fit expedient in all designs, and is the *Primum Mobile*, on which every thing in this Universe doth depend: Our Ambassador had two Journals, One of all the happy and contented Marriages in that place, which were so few, that the *Devil* himself thought shame of it: The other Journal of unhappy

happy and discontented Marriages was immediatly full: *Belphegor* next, had nought to do but to try the thing himself. Then was a certain Lady at *Florence*, whose Name was *Madam Honesta*, who was handsom and well shap'd, but had no other Treasure, was of good Birth, but Proud, Saucy, and Disdainful. *Dr. Rhoderick* proposeth the Marriage to the Father, who after some formal Storys, as that his Daughter was too young, and had a great many Suiters, told he was willing, providing it suited with her Inclination; Then does our Envoy expose in ample form, his Magnificence, bestow liberal Presents on his Mistress, bribe her Servants, and drains himself in Treats, Festivals, Serenades and Balls; In end, the Notar is brought, the Contract Signed, and the Marriage Solemniz'd, then does *Madam Honesta* cut it out with her fine gilded Coach, fine Liveries, and what not, she was the only Talk and Envy of the Town: but the continuation of this seeming happiness was but short, for presently Quarrels and Debates arose betwixt the new Married Couple, sometimes for too Extravagant a Suit of Ribbans or Laces, at other times for too splend'd a Collation, or too sumptuous a Supper, in a word, not a Day, nor an Hour of the Day passed without some Debate or strife, so that Neighbours were called in often to part them, and as she had been formerly the Envy, now she became the Jest of the Town, what says she, should such a pitiful pedling Fellow Married one of my Rank and Quality? Some of a lower degree would have been a fitter Match for him; thinks he, to degrade me below the Condition and Quality of my Friends, No, he shall go rather to the Pot, things went on at this rate, till *Roderick's* Stock was quite wasted, so he behoved to borrow Money to keep up his Credit, which, when falling

S

due

due, they sued *Roderick* therefore, and not being able to pay, they sent Catchpoles to apprehend him, who having clostly pursued him, he fled to a *Peasants* House named *Matheo*, who rescued him from the fury and clost pursuit of these Harpyes, to recompence him, was not in his Power, for Silver and Gold had he none; but says he, *Matheo* I have one Means left me which will do, viz. I will enter into the body of two or three considerable Persons of Note, but I am not to exceed that number, and when you come and whisper in the Persons Ear so possessed, and tells me your Name then I will leave it, by which many of you will get a great dale, both of Reputation and Money; The first attack then *Belphegor* made was upon a Beautiful Young Lady of *Naples*, who was an Heiress of a great Fortune, at the first word of *Matheo*, he quit his Quarters, and the *Peasant* was well rewarded for his Pains. From *Naples* he went to *Rome* and Conjured the *Devil* out of another considerable Lady, and then out of a Third, for both which he received a considerable Sum. The King of *Naples* had then a young Daughter, the glory of her Sex, the hope of his Family, many a brave Prince made Courtship to her. *Belphegor* to be free of *Honesty* entered this Princess as an Asyle and Sanctuary, and no Exorcisms cou'd drive him from that Lovely hold; At last the Bruit of the Famous *Matheo* the *Peasant* the Conjuror reached the King's Ears, he is immediately sent for, and 100000 Crowns promised of Reward, to cast the *Devil* out of his Daughter, the *Peasant* would gladly have had that great Sum, but knowing the Paction, betwixt him and *Belphegor*, he durst not undertake for it, so he told the King that he was a poor Sinner, who had no Power of Conjuring, but by chance, and that the *Devil* which possessed his Daughter was of another nature then these

these he had formerly cast out, they were cheap, silly and easy *Devils*, but this was of a stubborn and obstinate nature, and all his Art signified nothing to drive him away: In vain do you refuse, says the King, for to dispossess my Daughter, you must, or you must string, in a word *Signior Mattheo*, there is on the one hand 100000 Crowns, if you do your Business, and if not, there is an Halter and an Executioner ready to knit you up. What shall poor *Mattheo* do in this? For there was a Theater Erected, the King and Princess in Person, a great many Spectators of all Ranks and Degrees, the Gallows on the one side, and the Money on the other, *Mattheo* had twice whispered in the Princess her Ear, but all in vain, *Belphegor* was obstinate, and Laughed within himself to see what would become of the Conjuror, this put our Conjuror in a deep Sweat, who now had only one Shift left him, which was this, he quietly steps aside, and bids the Drums beat briskly, What's the matter says *Belphegor* to *Mattheo*, that these Drums beat, the Matter says he, *Madam Honesta* is making her Entry to *Naples*, Seeking you through every part, as having Right by the Conjugal Tye betwixt you, Immediately *Belphegor* Decamped, and gladly went to the Infernal Lake, below which he thought a much more desirable place, and less irksome, than the Company of such a shrew as *Honestia*, there he gave an account of his Embassy, which was heard with awful silence, and he was Nobly Rewarded, and got the Thanks of the House.

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